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STORY BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS—*Begins Next Week*

HARPER'S A WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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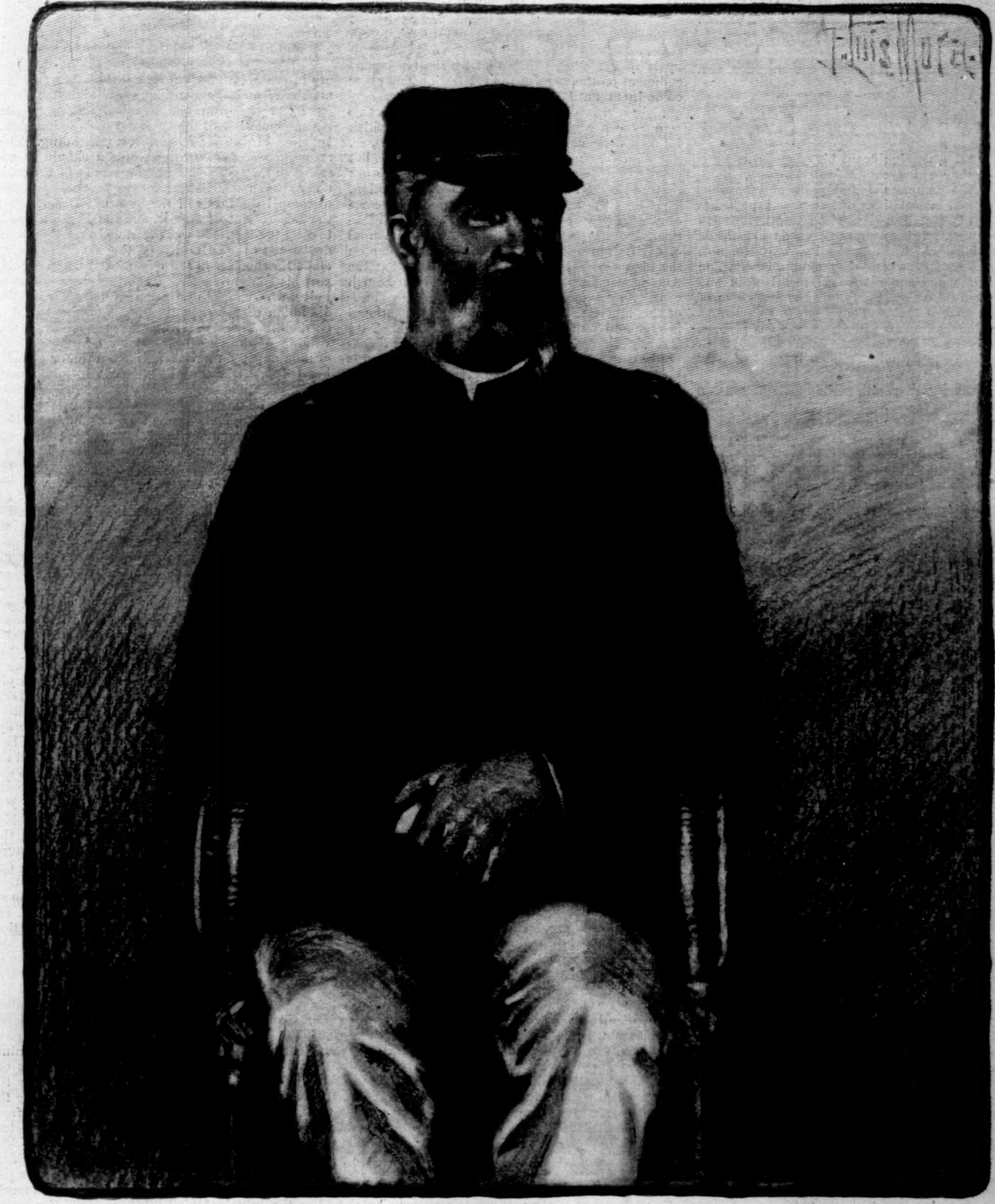

MAJOR-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS, U.S.V.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH JUST RECEIVED FROM JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JULY 29, 1899

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America in China

THE most significant bit of recent news is that which comes from China touching the commercial and political intentions and expectations of two important bodies of capitalists—American and British—in that country. It is apparent that the two railroad corporations which these bodies have formed, and in behalf of which they expect recognition from China and support from Great Britain and the United States, are likely to force the hands of the two governments. They represent enormous power, financial and political, and this is perhaps especially true of the American combination, which is practically the whole financial interest of New York.

Our readers will recall, perhaps, the WEEKLY'S prediction that the establishment and retention by our government of political interest in the Philippines would necessarily involve us in China. Our prediction is likely to come true sooner than we anticipated, but at the same time it will be well if its approach shall be through the natural channels of commercial and industrial enterprise. The government announces that it will defend, and perhaps assert, the rights of American citizens in China. This ought to go without saying, so far as the legitimate rights of American citizens are concerned, and we fancy that Russia would have understood the significance of the announcements of the combination of the interests of the American and British companies without any such statement.

The fact is that American and British interests have apparently joined forces in China, and that the American government will maintain in the East a force of ships and troops to meet any emergencies that may arise. If the present probabilities of the new situation are realized, we are very likely to enter at an early date into that alliance, express or implied, the prospect of which has appealed strongly to both peoples.

We have never believed that such an alliance would make for war, and there is much to be hoped for in a departure from our historic commercial policy. If the expectations of the railroad syndicates are realized, the Chinese puzzle is likely to be worked out peacefully and satisfactorily. It is true that a false notion as to the possible requirements of modern commerce has led to enormous modern armaments for the protection of commerce; but it is also true that the mutual international interests and friendships fostered by commerce have prevented and are now preventing actual conflict. The building of railroads in China will be to the advantage of the civilized world. Enlightened Englishmen, including Lord SALISBURY, have held that even the building of Russian railroads would benefit British interests on the Yang-tse and in the south of China. The additions that may be made to the wealth of the world from the opening of China, the ameliorations of the hardships of life that will be the consequence, are blessings to be welcomed; and, other things being equal, the wise American will be glad of the share of them which his countrymen are likely to enjoy.

Moreover, it is probable that the firm establishment of American and British railroad rights will prevent the farther advance of Russia. Americans have not shared the antagonism of Great Britain on this account, and very few of us have believed that the Russian would be more difficult to trade with than the Chinaman has been. But the whole civilized world will rejoice in any happening which will dissipate the war cloud that has so long been hovering over these two masterful nations. We have become a powerful unit in the armed concourse of powers in the East, and we welcome the spread of our commercial interests, and any tendency toward breaking down the barbaric barriers which have produced our economic and costly trade isolation. We believe that extended commerce makes for peace. The conviction that the United States and England can stand successfully against a world in arms is but the superficial view of the moment. The event that leads the United States out of her false economic position will do more than anything else can possibly do to make the people of the world so mutually dependent that war will become as absurd as it is now barbarous.

THE Peace Conference at The Hague is drawing to a close, and infinitely more has been accomplished than was hoped for by the most ardent friends of the Tsar's proposal a week before the assembling of the delegates. The final adjournment now seems so near that we shall postpone comment on the work of the arbitration and other committees until the whole subject can be adequately reviewed. In the mean time, however, this country can congratulate itself on the part which its own delegates have played in the conference, not alone because of their proper prominence, but chiefly because they have been prominent in work that made for the best interests of civilization. They took the lead for civilization and righteousness. They were among the chief and most effective advocates for the establishment of a tribunal of arbitration and for the abolition of pillage on the high seas. It was fitting, therefore, that the American delegation should celebrate the Fourth of July by a memorial service at Delft in honor of the first Christian and civilized international lawyer and publicist, GROTIUS. In the big New Church, where he and WILLIAM of Orange lie entombed, the fitting and worthy celebration was held. It was presided over by Herr VAN KERNEBEEK, the senior Dutch delegate to the Peace Conference, and Ambassador WHITE was the orator of the occasion. Opening his remarks, he said:

> My honored colleagues of the Peace Conference,—The germ of this work in which we are all so earnestly engaged lies in a single sentence of GROTIUS'S great book. Others indeed had proposed plans for the peaceful settlement of differences between nations, and the world remembers them with honor; but the germ of arbitration was planted in modern thought when GROTIUS, urging arbitration and mediation as preventing war, wrote these solemn words in the *De Jure Belli ac Pacis:* "Maxime autem christiani reges et civitates tenentur hanc inire viam ad arma vitanda."

For more than two hundred and fifty years since these words were written the world has been warring and killing, although now and then a step has been made, chiefly through the influence of the American Republic, toward the way for the shunning of arms. And now nearly all the nations have come together to make a determined effort for the accomplishment of the dream of the great Dutch expounder of the law and morality. How fitting was the scene and the company; the eloquent words of the representative of the free republic honoring the memory of the man who lived so long before his time!

SECRETARY ALGER resigned his office at the head of the War Department on the 19th of July. He was late in relieving the country and the administration of his official presence. He was placed at the head of the War Department from motives of personal friendship, and having selected him the President stood by him even after he must have been convinced of the Secretary's utter incompetency. But, as he once remarked to a friend, "How can the strongest man I could select be an efficient Secretary under the present system of army administration?" And the President was right. But ALGER was really the worst man he could have had, and Algerism has been the synonym of all that is corrupt, contemptible, and inefficient in the conduct of the war. With nearly all its scandals the name of ALGER is indissolubly linked. He finally added ridicule to obloquy in making a political alliance with Governor PINGREE, with a view of securing his own election as Senator from Michigan. He ought to have gone long ago. He has insisted, however, that he would not "retire under fire." He has retired under fire, but he should have been driven out when the fire was at its hottest.

THE protest of the newspaper correspondents at Manila is unlikely to be heeded by those in power. The field operations in the Philippines have been conducted with vigor and intelligence. If they have not been successful it is because General OTIS has not had a sufficient force, and it is to be hoped that this difficulty will be met during the coming winter by the new volunteer regiments which are now being recruited. The further fact remains, however, that we have not a thoroughly efficient military force, and that we shall not have until Congress does its full duty and enacts a law under which the military establishment can be made to meet the requirements of the occasion. In the mean time the news seems to indicate that the rich mestizos who are backing AGUINALDO are getting tired, which may, in turn, indicate a speedy end of the conflict without further bloodshed. If, however, the war must go on, there must be more troops, and a vigorous pursuit of the enemy that will definitively settle matters. If, in order to accomplish this object, correspondents must be censored or banished, after the manner of KITCHENER, there is no reason why that should not be done.

SECRETARY GAGE has made an ineffective reply to Mr. McANENY, secretary of the Civil Service Reform League, saying that the deputy internal revenue collectors, the office deputy-marshals, and the pension examining surgeons were excepted from the classified service on the recommendation of the Civil Service Commission. In letter this is true; in spirit it is misleading. The recommendation that these offices should be restored to the spoils pool for the benefit of the politicians was made because it was found impossible to compel the heads of the Treasury Department, the Department of Justice, and the Pension Office to obey the law. It was pretended that there was doubt as to the authority of the President to include these offices in the classified list, and to support his contention Mr. GAGE cites a decision of a judge who simply declined to interfere with the discretion of the executive to be obedient or disobedient. There was never any doubt as to the validity of the classification except in the minds of men opposed to civil service reform, or of half-hearted men who are willing to court the favor of the politicians who are hostile to the law, and their dupes. The disobedience of some collectors of internal revenue, and of some marshals, and the practice of supplementing in some localities regularly classified boards of examining surgeons by other boards appointed on the old spoils method—the latter of course really taking the place of the former—led the commission to recommend the exception of all the offices. Regularity and order in administration required that the conflict should cease, and that the spoils system should not prevail in one district and the merit system in an adjoining district. The commission was opposed to the change on its merits, but yielded to conditions brought about by the enemies of reform. As a matter of fact, the commission recommended the exception of 2385 places. Deducting those it was thus forced to recommend, the number was really 1033. The recent order excepted nearly 10,000. The order transferring registered employés to the jurisdiction of the Secretary of War has been defended. As a matter of fact, both the engineer and ordnance officers and the commission were opposed to this transfer. The registration system had worked well, and the transfer order is a radical assault upon the reform as it has been applied to the selection of mechanics. Mr. GAGE is unfortunate in what he says concerning the removal of Mr. WORTHINGTON C. FORD. He intimates that Mr. FORD resigned of his own volition because he, the Secretary, told him that he would not be removed if he refused to resign. Of course he would not have been removed, because the law, not the Secretary, protected his place. Mr. FORD'S version of the interview differs from that of Mr. GAGE. He says that the Secretary asked for his resignation because he wanted to put another man at the head of the Bureau of Statistics. Mr. FORD, of course, resigned, and Mr. AUSTIN, who had no training in the duties of the place, and has evaded the examination required by the law, was appointed. Mr. GAGE does not reply to Mr. McANENY'S charge that the law was evaded by the Secretary, who gave to Mr. AUSTIN an emergency appointment for ninety days, renewing it from time to time, thus enabling him to escape examination, until now the temporary commission is made permanent by the action of the President in excepting the place from the classified service. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. GAGE finds himself in this dilemma. The country deserved better from him. The President makes no defence of his action, and it is to be presumed that, so far as the change in the rules touching the principal places is concerned, he agrees with the commission, and has not found himself strong enough to compel obedience from his collectors and marshals and his Pension Bureau.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE intention, recently announced, of Mrs. Cyrus P. McCormick, of Chicago, to establish and equip a manual-training school at Jackson, Kentucky, in the heart of the mountains of eastern Kentucky, is based on a desire to improve the condition of society in those parts by promoting lawful industry and peaceful practices. The new school is to run in connection with the Lees Collegiate Institute at Jackson, which is an auxiliary of the University of Kentucky. Mr. John Fox has taught us that there is nothing the matter with the Kentucky mountaineers except isolation and ignorance. If they have moonshine whiskey and fire-arms and feuds, and are lacking in respect for the law, it is not because they have rejected civilization, but merely because they have missed it. They went to the hills, while civilization took to the Blue Grass country—that was all. Jackson is in Breathitt County, "bloody Breathitt," which touches Clay County, the scene of recent grave infractions of the peace, which at last accounts were still continuing. The understanding is that the raw material of humanity in these counties is good, and that the trouble is that it is not properly worked up. A manual-training school in such a district is an interesting investment, and ought to have profitable results.

INTERESTING testimony as to the effect of education on crime was given the other day in London by Sir James Vaughan, of Bow Street, who announced his coming retirement from the magistrates' bench. He is eighty-five years old, and has served for thirty-five years as a justice in the principal London police court. Reviewing his career, says a London despatch to the *Sun*:

> He noted the wonderful decrease in crimes of brutality and violence, but said there was an increase in the number of crimes for which brains and ingenuity were required. He ascribed this to the improved education given by the board schools. He was certain that unless means were taken to counteract the effects of education upon the minds of the criminally inclined, crimes of a clever nature would greatly increase.

The only "crime of a clever nature" which prevails extensively in the Kentucky mountains is illicit distilling. Education will hardly tend to increase that, while it may fairly be expected to have the same deterrent effect on crimes of violence that it has had in England, and doubtless everywhere else.

ON July 8 Mr. C. W. Gould, secretary of the Cuban Orphan Fund, reported receipts amounting to $16,064. This sum has been furnished by not much more than a hundred subscribers. The fund, as has been before pointed out in the WEEKLY, is one in which wide popular interest might well be expected in this country. The purpose of it is to take care of the children of reconcentrados. As a people we were willing to spend five hundred millions, if necessary, to put an end to the rule of which these orphans are one result. We did spend so many hundred millions in that enterprise that now the appeal in behalf of these orphans is an appeal to our thrift as well as to our humanity. We cannot afford to neglect the details of an enterprise in which we have invested so heavily. An undertaking that has cost so much ought to be well carried through. Money will not pauperize these children. It will merely help to give them the food and care and training necessary to keep them alive and make them grow up into useful citizens of Cuba. It is estimated that there are 50,000 orphan or half-orphan children in Cuba who need to be looked after, and with many of them help is a matter of life and death.

The treasurer of the fund is Robert Bacon, of J. P. Morgan & Co.

MR. HENRY L. HIGGINSON, of Boston, is treasurer of a committee of Boston men who have undertaken to raise from $10,000 to $15,000 to help General Wood provide schooling for the children of Santiago. At last accounts they had received about $3000, and were anxious to receive more. Neither in Boston nor in New York nor elsewhere are people falling over one another in their eagerness to give money even for most necessary measures of help and relief in Cuba. A few people give very liberally, but the vast majority, even of those who were most eager for the war, seem not to feel a personal responsibility about making the most of the chances that the result of the war has offered.

COLONEL WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSTON, President of Tulane University, New Orleans, who died on July 16 at Lexington, Virginia, was a distinguished scion of very good old Southern stock. He was a son of the Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston, and was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1831. He was graduated at Yale in 1852, and was practising law in Louisville when the war broke out. He entered the Confederate service as a Major, but soon became aide-de-camp to Jefferson Davis, of whose staff he continued a member until the close of the war. He was captured with Mr. Davis, and after several months' imprisonment was released and went to Canada. He returned to serve as professor in Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia, of which General Lee became President. From there he went, in 1884, to be President of Tulane University (formerly the University of Louisiana) in New Orleans.

He wrote a number of books, among them the *Life of Albert Sidney Johnston* and *My Garden Walk*. He was also a regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

THERE was a time when bicycles cost $150 each. Then every manufacturer whose plant was divertible to the manufacture of bicycles made bicycles. Now, after six or seven years of very active bicycle-building, any one can buy a first-rate bicycle anywhere for $40, and superior buyers can probably supply themselves for about half that sum.

What automobiles cost at present is best known to persons affluent enough to purchase and play with those machines, but, reasoning by analogy, they will soon cost very much less, for every factory that can seems to be making them. Carriage factories and bicycle factories especially, all over the country, are taking orders for them. This year they are the toys of the well-to-do. By another season they will be so spread abroad that their value as playthings may have lessened; but that is of small consequence compared with the immense field that seems to be opening for them as vehicles for cheap and rapid transportation. That they will ever be brought "within the means of all" is not to be expected, but there seems to be a good prospect that they will soon be brought within the means of most persons who can afford at present to keep horses.

IT does not appear that any of Mr. Robert Bonner's horses went to his funeral. No doubt it was a conventional funeral, and conventional funerals are naturally and justly preferred, because they usually accord best with the feelings of surviving mourners. But as in military funerals, when a general or cavalry officer is buried, his horse is led behind his mortal remains, and as a master of hounds in a hunting country is sometimes followed to the grave by a riderless hunter, so with very much propriety some of the remarkable family of horses which Mr. Bonner loved so well and cherished so loyally might have followed him on his last journey.

Mr. Bonner did well by his generation in demonstrating that the love of fleet horses is not in itself sinful, or necessarily demoralizing, or inconsistent with a pronounced and sturdy piety. So many men who love horses are somewhat lacking in personal interest in religion that we are prone to consider that the influence of horses is irreligious. Mr. Bonner's record is a strong argument to the contrary; and there are noted Presbyterians in Kentucky who weigh on the same side.

A RUMOR has gone abroad that in consequence of the counterfeiting of silver coins Congress may see fit to order a new coinage of silver, and possibly to increase the amount of metal in the dimes and quarters and half-dollars and dollars, so that the profit in the unlawful manufacture of those tokens may not be so great. This report has stirred a correspondent of the New York *Times* to suggest that if we are to have new silver coins we would do well to have some new heads on them, and also that our cents might be made cleaner and our five-cent pieces handsomer by changing their component metals. It is true, as he says, that Washington and Franklin would look well on our dollars and our cents, and would severally remind us to make our lives sublime and to practise timely thrift. Our cents might surely be bettered by some substitution of metal or alloys which would make them cleaner and less malodorous. To see a loaded newsboy stagger up the stairway of the Elevated railroad at the City Hall station and take five wet copper cents out of his mouth to buy his ticket cannot but fill the observer with regret that cents are not other than they are. An eagle cent was coined in the fifties which was a clean, decent piece, and did not come off on the fingers. It was a much cleaner coin than those that succeeded it. Aluminum bronze is recommended as a suitable composition for cents, and an alloy of aluminum and nickel for five-cent pieces.

THE harvest of lockjaw following the celebration of the Fourth of July has been unusually full this year. On July 17 the Chicago *Tribune* estimated that the keeping of the Fourth had up to that time cost 141 lives, and that eighty-three deaths were due to lockjaw, mostly resulting from wounds made by toy pistols. Many other deaths have since been reported. There are those who think that our fashion of keeping the Fourth is needlessly noisy, barbaric, and destructive, and might well be amended by the elimination of gunpowder. Such critics are as yet ahead of their time, and their desires are not at present likely to be much respected. Fire-crackers and torpedoes will hold out to burn for years, and probably for generations, to come, but surely it ought to be possible to abolish so infernal an instrument of destruction as the toy pistol. No discerning parent tolerates it as it is; but parents are not all discerning, and parental prejudices, even when best justified, are not always respected. The toy pistol ought to be dealt with by law. It is utterly bad, and should not be tolerated.

IN the WEEKLY of July 8, in a paragraph which concerned the possibility that in the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York Bishop Huntington's son James may be chosen coadjutor bishop, it was noted that James Huntington is a monk, and that it would be "an innovation to elect a monk bishop of a Protestant diocese."

A number of correspondents have since pointed out that there is a recent precedent for such an innovation in the election of Father Hall of Boston to be Bishop of Vermont. Father Hall, as will be remembered, was a member, and at one time Superior, of the English Society of St. John the Evangelist, and was freed from his vows of obedience to that order when he became bishop. Father Huntington's vows would doubtless be no more of an obstacle to his preferment than Father Hall's were. Indeed, his position is probably a little better than Father Hall's, in that the order with which he is connected is American.

APROPOS of a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY about Mr. C. P. Huntington's gift of land in Hanover County, Virginia, for a reformatory for negroes, and of the accompanying statement that at present the only reformatory for negroes in the South is at Birmingham, Alabama, a Georgia correspondent writes:

> There is a reformatory at Milledgeville, Georgia. It is called "The State's Farm," but it was established for the purpose of separating young criminals and women from the more hardened and desperate kind. It is splendidly managed, and one of the institutions our State takes most pride in. It is likely that other Southern States have the same thing, but, like Georgia, not under the name of a reformatory. If Northern philanthropists will spend their money on reformatories instead of colleges, the South will co-operate with all her heart, soul, mind, body, and strength.
>
> It is a mistaken report that you have heard that "young lads and girls, especially negroes, are sent to the chain-gang for slight offences." Young criminals are rarely sent to chain-gangs, and never for small offences, unless so often repeated as to make it necessary. Young criminals (under sixteen years) are usually whipped—with their parents' consent—or fined, or made to "knock rocks" for a short while on the county's roads.
>
> In all my experience I have never seen nor heard of a young *girl* being sent to the chain-gang.

This correspondent, like many other dwellers in the South, believes that the Southern negroes need training in conduct rather than free education. The Northern idea is that education quickens intelligence, and that increased intelligence surely, though perhaps slowly, makes for a higher plane of conduct. That may be true, and yet the first fruits of education may be disappointing and far from satisfactory to observers close at hand. This much at least it is safe to say, that, though there may be dispute about the usefulness of colleges for negroes, there will be none as to the great value of good reformatories and penal institutions. They are needed everywhere, but especially in the South, where the burden of misbehavior falls heavier on the tax-payer than with us.

MR. WILLIAM VANDERBILT, JR., seems to be having an exciting summer. The papers told, the other day, how at Newport his automobile bucked and bolted with him, pitched him out, and turned somersaults down a hill. He wasn't hurt, and therefore the accident was amusing. A more recent despatch (July 18) represents him as actively resenting the impertinence of three men, said to have been newspaper men, who snapped a camera at him as he was walking with two ladies on a Newport road. He made a dash for their wagon and tried to lay violent hands on the camera, but without success.

To take a picture against the wishes of the persons photographed is a species of assault which may properly be resented. The most natural and effective method of expressing resentment in such a case is to smash the camera with which the assault was committed. That gives satisfaction when successfully accomplished, but it is difficult, and usually impossible, and, besides, it is violent, and gets one's name into the papers. Still, it ought to be considered an honorable distinction to figure in the newspapers in such a cause. Whether the law protects citizens from assault by camera has not been determined, so far as the present writer knows, but surely it ought to.

JULY 17 was a day of importance to Japan, and one fit to be commemorated. On that day went into effect most of the treaties lately negotiated with the United States and nearly all the countries of Europe, by the terms of which she is recognized as a civilized and responsible nation, and the peer of the states that compose Christendom. There are to be no more foreign courts in Japan to try foreigners. Japanese justice from now on must serve for all comers. In Japan we must now do as the Japanese do—pay taxes and obey the laws of Japan. But all Japan is now open to foreign residence and trade. We are no longer to be limited to the five treaty ports. We can live anywhere, trade anywhere, so long as we are law-abiding.

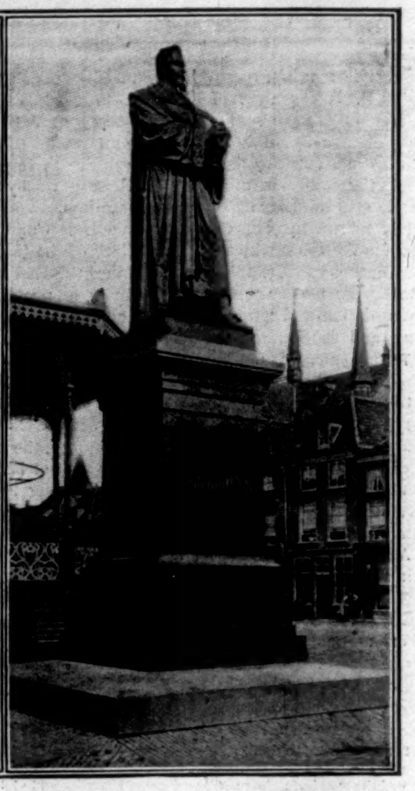
The United States, as is well known, has been Japan's best friend in bringing about these changes, which she desired, and which are now accomplished.

THE turnstiles in the stations of the Elevated railroad in New York have never commended themselves to the approval of the public, which has been wont to execrate them with half-humorous contempt as one of the penny-wise inspirations of Mr. Russell Sage's thrift. On July 13 District-Attorney Gardiner declared war on them by personally declining to turn the stile at the Franklin Street station. In spite of the protests and pathetic remonstrances of the ticket-seller, he climbed over the stile and left his fare to be registered by a good-natured person who accompanied him.

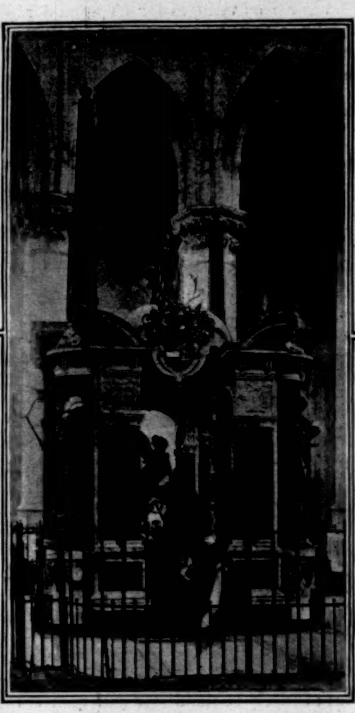
Inasmuch as the admiration of the people of New York for Colonel Gardiner is not as warm as it might be, a contest between him and the Manhattan turnstiles will be watched with something of the dispassionate attention with which the woman in the story regarded the dispute between her husband and the bear. If the colonel can beat the turnstile there will be no mourners except perhaps a few among the Manhattan stockholders.

THE "NEW CHURCH."

VIEW OF DELFT.



BRONZE STATUE OF GROTIUS.



TOMB OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.

The Grotius Celebration at Delft, July 4, 1899

FOR Americans perhaps no incident connected with the Peace Conference at The Hague is calculated to arouse a more lively interest than the unique ceremony which took place at the historic city of Delft on the anniversary of our national independence.

Delft, the ancient and honored "town of William the Silent," is one of the most interesting of Holland cities. Perhaps more than any other it has a deep significance for the statesman and the jurist, for with it are associated the memories of a great statesman—William, Prince of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Republic—and a great jurist: Grotius, the "father of international law"; and all that is mortal of these two great figures rests within the hallowed walls of the "Nieuwe Kerk."

This church is a quaint and interesting structure of fourteenth-century Gothic architecture, with a handsome and imposing spire, which, towering far above the adjacent buildings, can be seen from a distance by the pilgrim who journeys across the low-lying meadows and along the old canals toward the shrine of William the Silent. It stands at one end of the handsome and spacious square, at the opposite end of which stands the old "Stadhuis," or town-hall, the beautiful bronze statue of Grotius, recently erected, adorning the centre.

Above the entrance of the church is the organ-loft, containing one of those noble instruments for which Holland is so celebrated, and at the opposite end is the choir, where are entombed the illustrious dead. The chief tomb is that of William the Silent, in the centre of the choir, and to the left of it, against the wall, is that of Grotius.

Though these two figures cannot be separated in any complete view of Dutch history, that of Grotius is the one around which the interest of the ceremony centred.

It is a matter for gratification, therefore, that the United States should have as the president of its delegation at The Hague a representative gifted with such rare perception as to propose on the anniversary of our national independence some fitting recognition of the debt not only of the United States, but of the whole world, to the founder of the splendid fabric of the law of nations which regulates the relations of modern states along the lines of peace and justice.

Mr. White's proposal was that the delegation representing the republic, and through it the New World, should, on the morning of the Fourth of July, make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Grotius, in the city of Delft, and, in behalf of the government and people of the United States, place a wreath of oak and laurel wrought in gold and silver upon it.

To this ceremony were invited the members of the Peace Conference, the representatives of the Netherlands government, the Diplomatic Corps at The Hague, the deans of the faculties of the various universities of Holland, and the Burgomaster and authorities of the city of Delft, the representatives of the press, and others.

The morning of the Fourth broke wild and stormy, with a driving rain, and the wind blowing a gale. The flags which at an early hour had been flown from the steeple of the church were soon in shreds. Notwithstanding, crowds were soon thronging to the sacred edifice, and when the time for the ceremony arrived the choir and body of the church were filled with a brilliant assemblage—in the choir, statesmen, diplomatists, jurists, scholars, and the naval and military representatives of many nations, with their ladies; and in the body of the church, the sturdy Hollanders and burghers of the city of Delft.

As Baron de Staal, the venerable president of the conference, entered, the organ broke forth with the Russian national hymn. The chair was taken by the first delegate of the Netherlands, Herr van Kernebeek.

The ceremony was commenced by a trained choir of one hundred voices, under the direction of M. Spoel, director of the Conservatory of Music at The Hague, which rendered the chorus from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—"How lovely are the messengers who bring us good tidings of peace!"—and as the magnificent choral rolled through the sacred edifice, it seemed as the benediction of Heaven upon the Conference of Peace. Herr van Kernebeek, after a short address of welcome, introduced his Excellency Ambassador White, who had been selected by the delegation to make the address on the occasion.

Standing midway between the tombs of Orange and of Grotius, the veteran diplomatist made an earnest and thoughtful address, which commanded the close attention of all present. Turning toward the tomb of Grotius, the speaker said: "I seem to hear Grotius saying to us: 'Fear neither opposition nor detraction. As my own book, which grew out of the horrors of the wars of seventy years and the Thirty Years' War, contained the germ from which your great conference has grown, so your work, which is demanded by a world bent almost to breaking under the weight of ever-increasing armaments, shall be a germ from which future conferences shall evolve plans ever fuller, better, and nobler.'"

Continuing, he said: "In behalf of the people of the United States of America, the American commission at the Peace Conference, by my hand, lays on the tomb of Grotius this simple tribute. It combines the oak, representative of civic virtue, and the laurel, representative of victory. It bears the following inscription:

To the Memory of Hugo Grotius
In Reverence and Gratitude
From the United States of America
On the Occasion of the International Peace Conference at The Hague
July 4th, 1899

and it encloses two shields, one bearing the arms of the House of Orange and of the Netherlands, the other bearing the arms of the United States of America, and both these shields are bound firmly together. They represent the gratitude of our country, one of the youngest among the nations of the earth, to this old and honored commonwealth—gratitude for great services in days gone by, gratitude for recent courtesies and kindnesses; and, above all, they represent to the coming centuries a union of hearts and minds in both lands to promote peace between all nations." With these words he stepped forward, and taking the wreath, approached the shrine of the great jurist and there laid it upon his tomb.

Then was sung, with that earnestness which may almost be called a religious fervor, the hymn of the Prince of Orange, "Wilhelmus van Sassaowen."

The tribute was accepted on behalf of the Queen and government of the Netherlands by M. de Beaufort, the Minister of Foreign Affairs and honorary president of the Peace Conference, who, in exquisite taste, acknowledged the tribute. He said, "The ceremony of to-day will, I am sure, make a deep impression throughout our whole country," and after tracing briefly the historical traditions which connect the two nations, he continued: "For the purpose of acknowledging the great merits of Grotius, a wreath has been placed, by order of the American government, on his tomb. I sincerely hope this fine and precious work of art will remain forever on the place where it is now fixed. May the numerous visitors to this church look on it with a sentiment of gratitude and admiration. May it act as a stimulus for future generations in their exertions in behalf of still further reforms in the practice of international law; and last, not least, may this wreath be an everlasting emblem of the friendly relations between America and Holland, and a guarantee for the unbroken continuance of that historical friendship of which America gives us on this memorable day such a splendid and highly valued testimony."

When the Minister of Foreign Affairs had ceased speaking, the choir rendered a Dutch folk-song from the sixteenth century. This was, without doubt, the musical gem of the ceremony. It had been played the last time previously at the coronation ceremony of the young and beautiful Queen of the Netherlands, and was rendered most feelingly by the splendid choir, who volunteered their services.

On the conclusion of the song, Herr van Kernebeek arose and introduced Baron de Bildt, the able young first delegate of Sweden, who has made such a favorable impression upon his colleagues of the Peace Conference. Embodying the substance of a telegram which had just arrived, he said: "The King of Sweden and Norway has sent a telegram commanding me to express on this solemn occasion the gratitude of Sweden to Hugo Grotius, not only for what he has done for the development of the science of public law, but also for the faithful services rendered by him to our country, which he served as an ambassador for many long and critical years. For more than two hundred and fifty years the memory of Grotius has been honored, respected, and greatly cherished."

Such is the limit of human vision. The great Gustavus, the foremost commander of his time, is said to have carried a copy of Grotius's book always with him, and to have buried its principles in his heart; and when Maurice of Nassau imprisoned him, and after his escape forbade his return, he became the ambassador of the great Swedish chancellor, and contributed the fruits of his genius to the cause of Sweden.

The chairman then introduced that other eminent educator and university President, Hon. Seth Low, who in fine manner and clear voice expressed the thanks of the delegation and of the people of the United States for the courtesies and kindnesses which her Majesty the Queen and the Netherlands government had extended to them. His brief address was splendidly received, and the evidence of suppressed applause showed that it met with a response in the hearts of the audience.

The ceremony in the church was brought to a close by the choir beautifully rendering "America," in which all Americans present heartily and reverently joined. It was strange to reflect that in that reverend edifice, beside the tomb of Grotius, who knew America only as the abode of savages, the national hymn of a vast republic that had sprung into being over a century after his death should echo within its hallowed walls, in a ceremony to perpetuate and honor his own memory.

The ceremony in the church being ended, all repaired to the old "Stadhuis," at the opposite end of the square. Here luncheon was served to all the invited guests, including the members of the conference and the various ambassadors, ministers, etc., in the main hall; and as they lunched, the fine old painting of Grotius by Michiel Janszoon van Mierevelt looked kindly upon the assemblage from the wall. It is needless to say that the old familiar toasts were heartily drunk, and the old recollections awakened in the good cheer which prevailed.

The success of the programme was due in no small degree to the heartiness with which the Secretary of the American delegation, Mr. Frederick W. Holls, threw himself into the work and seconded the proposal. To his efforts were due the splendid musical programme, which all conceded could not have been more appropriate and beautiful, and also the arrangements for the luncheon.

ONE PRESENT.

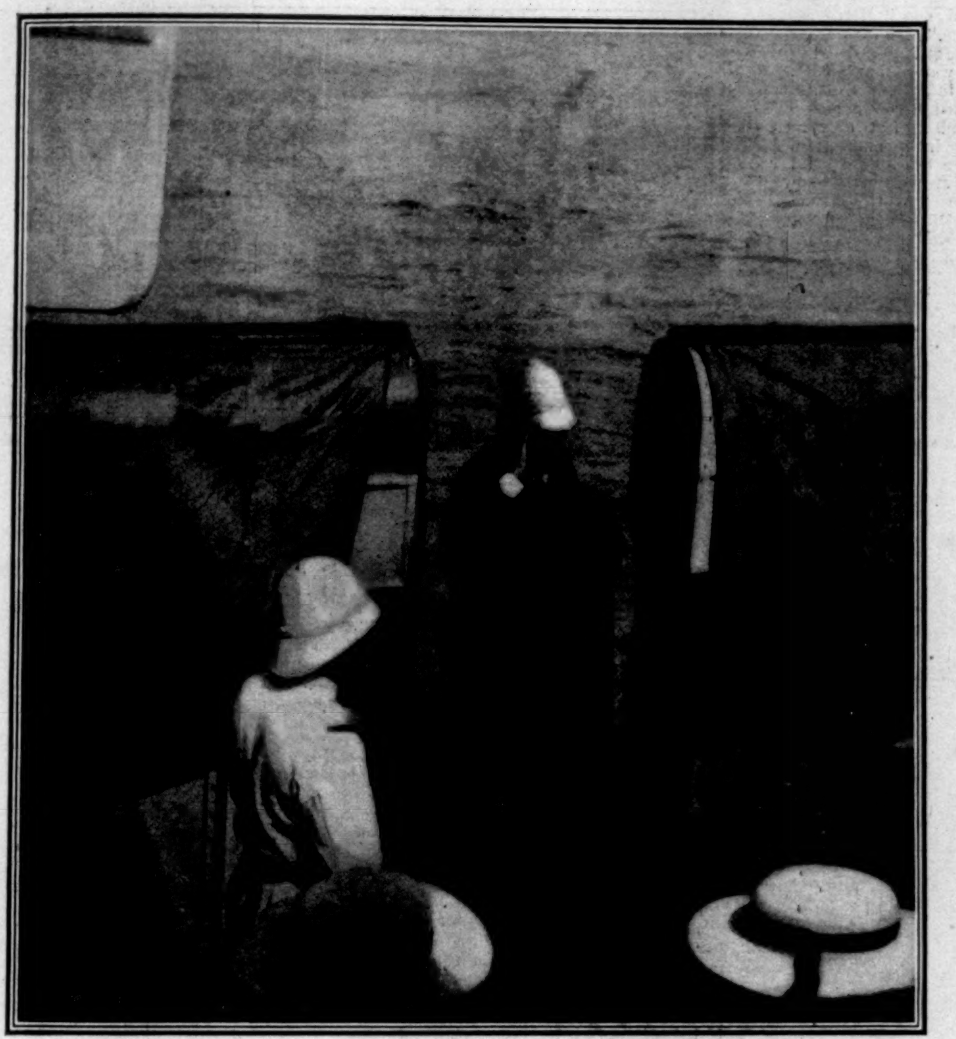
DELFT, HOLLAND, *July 4, 1899.*

Before the Dreyfus Trial

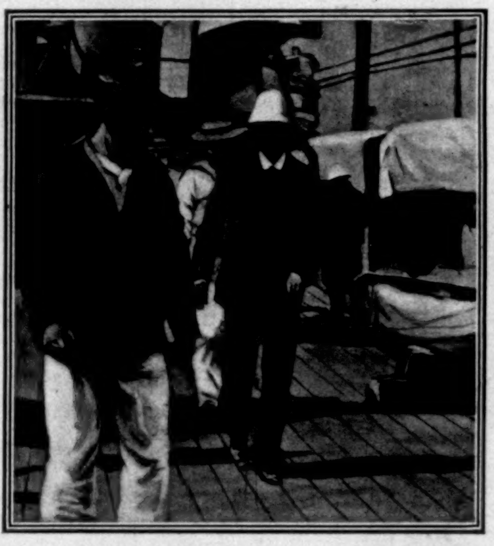
IN the last number of the WEEKLY a letter was given from its correspondent at Rennes, who described the landing of Alfred Dreyfus at Quiberon on July 1, his secret and skilful transfer to the military prison of Rennes, and the courageous hospitality of Madame Godard, who has offered the shelter of her house, near the prison, to Madame Dreyfus. The drawings reproduced on this page enable us to realize the moment when the special train bearing Captain Dreyfus stopped at a point called "La Rabelaise," a short distance from the railway station, and the prisoner descended from it, to complete the dismal journey in a carriage—a precaution which, in the opinion of the authorities, was necessary, to avoid the possibility of assassination. The drawing of Madame Dreyfus and her brother, M. Georges Hadamard, shows them at the moment of their arrival at Rennes, the quiet town in Brittany chosen as a comparatively safe place for holding the trial. A glimpse is also given of the prisoner on board the vessel which brought him back from a very unrepresentative corner of the New World to such an uncertain outlook in the Old.

At "La Rabelaise" there were two carriages, one for *gendarmerie* and the accused, the other for inspectors, the prefect, and M. Viguié. At a swift pace the intervening space was covered, without an outcry and without misadventure. The towns-people of Rennes were asleep; scarcely twenty persons were near the prison, for the crowds of the curious, of those who waited with motives of friendship or of hostility, and of news-gatherers for the journals of every country in the civilized world, had been thrown off the scent, and were assembled at points where nothing happened. A few minutes after six o'clock the prefect sent word to Madame Dreyfus that she would be permitted to see her husband; and accordingly, at half past eight, in company with her father and mother and elder brother, the guest of Madame Godard passed from the villa to the prison, receiving the respectful salutations of those who happened to be in rue Châtillon at that hour. Entirely alone Madame Dreyfus was admitted to her husband's cell, in which she remained until a quarter after ten. As an exceptional favor, permission was given to her to repeat the visit in the afternoon; otherwise the rule was established that she should be allowed to see the accused man three times in each week.

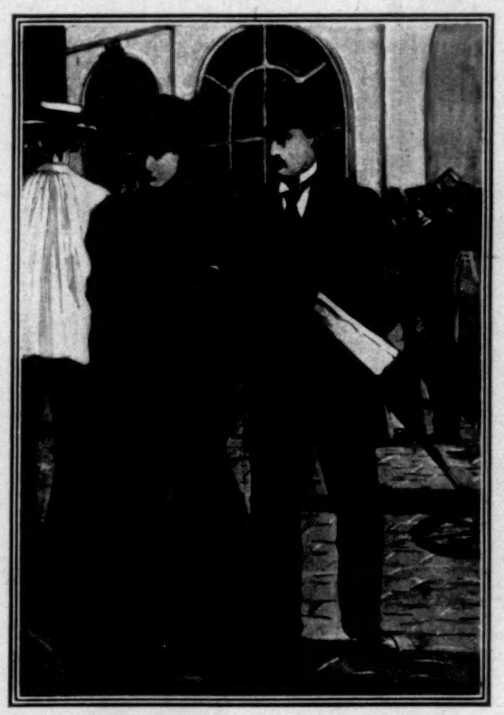
Scarcely less interesting than this reunion must have been the interviews between Captain Dreyfus and the persons thoroughly informed in regard to this world-famous case, now speaking with a man who knew comparatively nothing about its details beyond a certain point—who knew little of that which all the world knows, yet knew absolutely the one fact that has kept the world guessing—the fact of his own innocence or guilt.



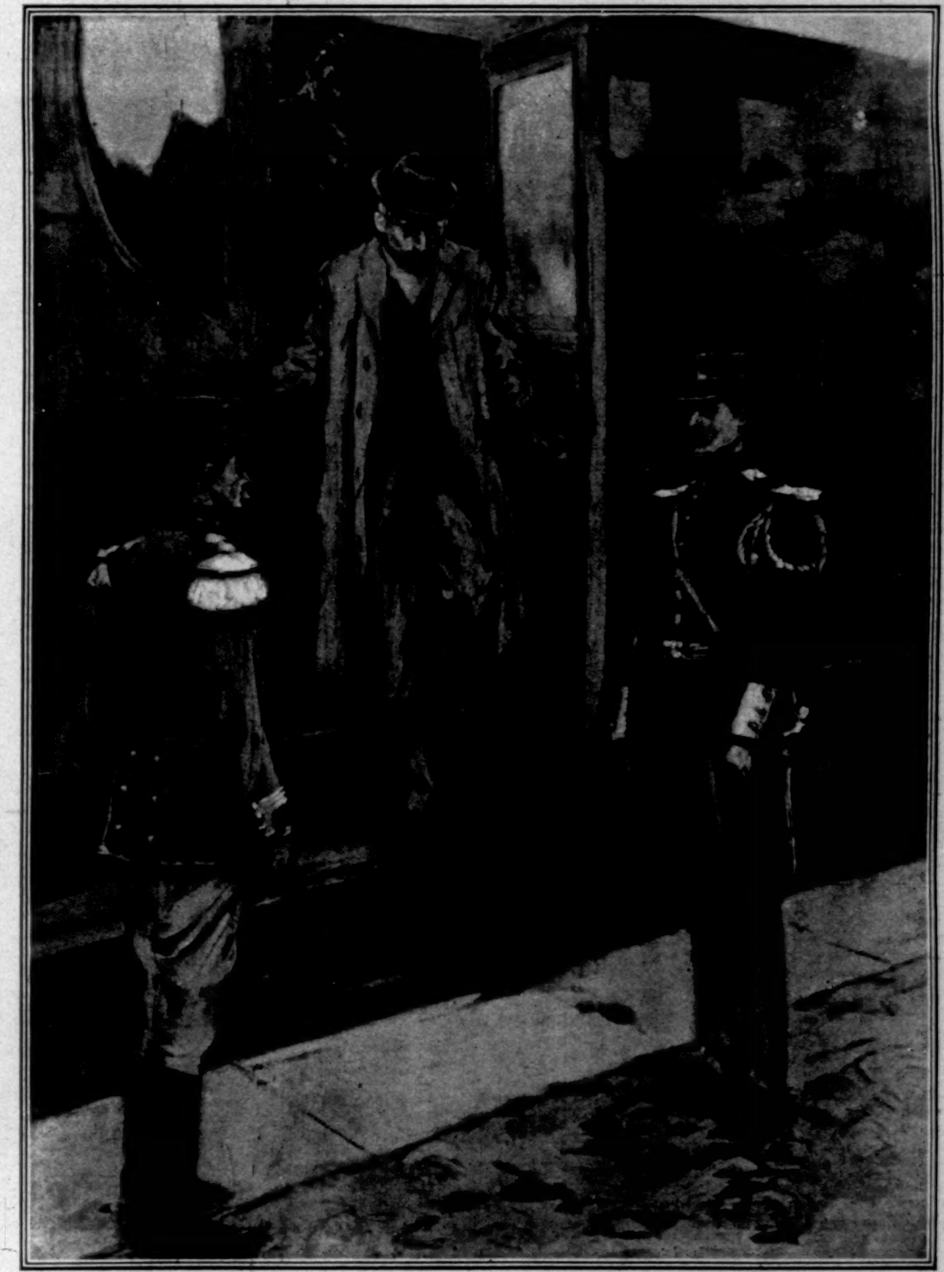
CAPTAIN DREYFUS SALUTING ON BOARDING THE "SFAX."



CAPTAIN DREYFUS ON THE "SFAX."



ARRIVAL OF MADAME DREYFUS AND HER BROTHER.



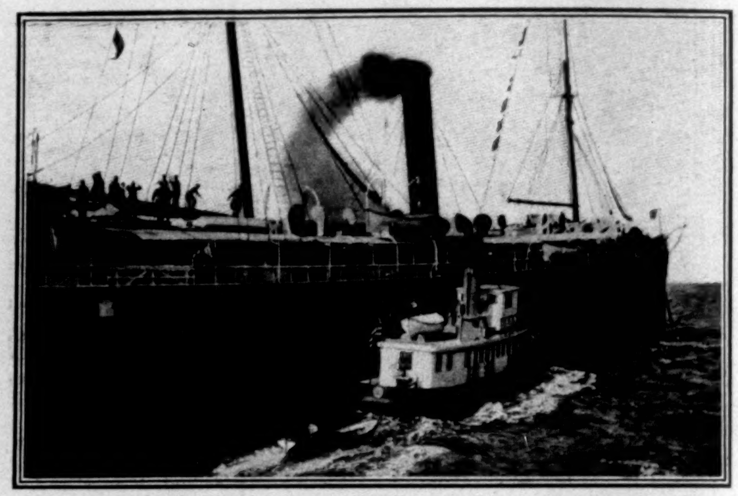
THE RETURN OF THE EXILE—CAPTAIN DREYFUS LEAVING THE TRAIN AT "LA RABELAISE," NEAR RENNES, ON HIS WAY TO THE MILITARY PRISON.

Oregon Troops Home

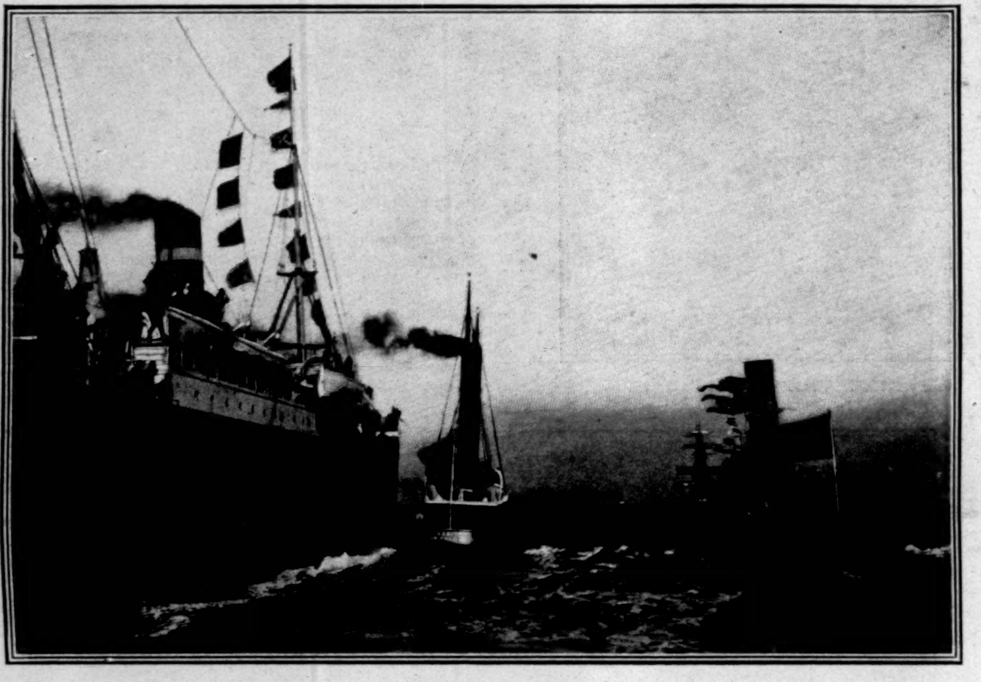
San Francisco, *July 14.*

AFTER fourteen months' absence from their native land, after weary fighting with a treacherous enemy and still more wearisome struggle against the deadly fever of the rice-fields and the swamps of Luzon, over one thousand Oregon volunteers sailed through the Golden Gate last evening in the two big transports the *Ohio* and the *Newport*. The sun was just going down in the west in the ocean that these soldiers had just traversed, when the transports, led by gayly decorated tugs and steamers, entered the harbor. There were salutes from the guns in the forts, and from hundreds of whistles of tugs and factories. The whole line of the water-front was one blaze of bunting, and every vessel in the bay, American or foreign, was dressed as for a holiday. Certainly these first of the home-returning volunteers could not complain of any coldness in their welcome to their native land.

Governor Geer of Oregon and his staff, and Major-General Shafter and his staff, went out in the State Harbor Commissioner's boat, the *Governor Irwin*, to greet Colonel Summers, and to explain to the men that they were to be taken by sea to Portland, and there mustered out. The Governor had a hard time of it. When the tug approached the big transport the soldiers cheered lustily, and the Governor then began his speech, painting the great reception which awaited them on the Columbia River and the enthusiastic welcome in the city of Portland. But he spoke to men who had made up their minds, and when he finished his speech, to which they listened politely, there was a roar from hundreds of throats: "Frisco! Frisco!"



ALONGSIDE THE TRANSPORT "NEWPORT."



TUGS ESCORTING THE TRANSPORT "OHIO" UP THE HARBOR.

Photograph by Oscar Maurer.

Instructions came, and gave the desired permission to muster out at the Presidio after a parade through the streets of San Francisco. This plan gives each man thirty-two dollars travel pay beyond what it will cost him to get home by steamship, which is a gift by the government of $32,000.

When the tug containing Governor Geer and General Shafter neared the transport there was much excitement on board, for on the vessel were Mrs. Summers, the Oregon colonel's wife, who had not seen her husband for over a year, and other wives of officers. One old man from Saginaw, Michigan, L. Holland, was there waiting to greet his boy, who was a simple private in Company M.

The anxiety of the aged father was pitiful to behold. He feared that some disaster might have befallen his boy, and when loud calls for "Holland of Company M" met with no reply, his face was full of the agony of apprehension. Finally, however, a boyish figure was dragged to the front, and perhaps the most surprised man of all the thousand was Private Holland, to be heartily greeted in a place where he fancied he was an utter stranger. When the old father hugged the boy, who he had fancied for a few moments had died on the voyage or had been left behind in a Manila hospital, men turned aside and winked, and women were not ashamed to wipe their eyes.

The Oregon boys are big, lusty fellows, and they looked well in their buff-colored uniforms and their slouch hats, all showing signs of use under a tropical sun. A few pale hollow-cheeked men stood by the rail, but the great majority were tanned and bearded, and looked fit for a fight against any enemy. They lined the rails and perched on the rigging, and they cheered again and again like schoolboys out for a half-holiday. Mayor Phelan had sent out a fine band on a little steamer, and the first tune the returning veterans heard was "Home, Sweet Home." They tried to cheer as the strains died away over the waters, but something got into their throats and spoiled the resonance of the hurrahs. But they recovered in a moment when "The Star-spangled Banner" struck up, they howled when "A Hot Time in the Old Town" followed, and they gave a fair imitation of the old rebel yell when "Dixie" was played.

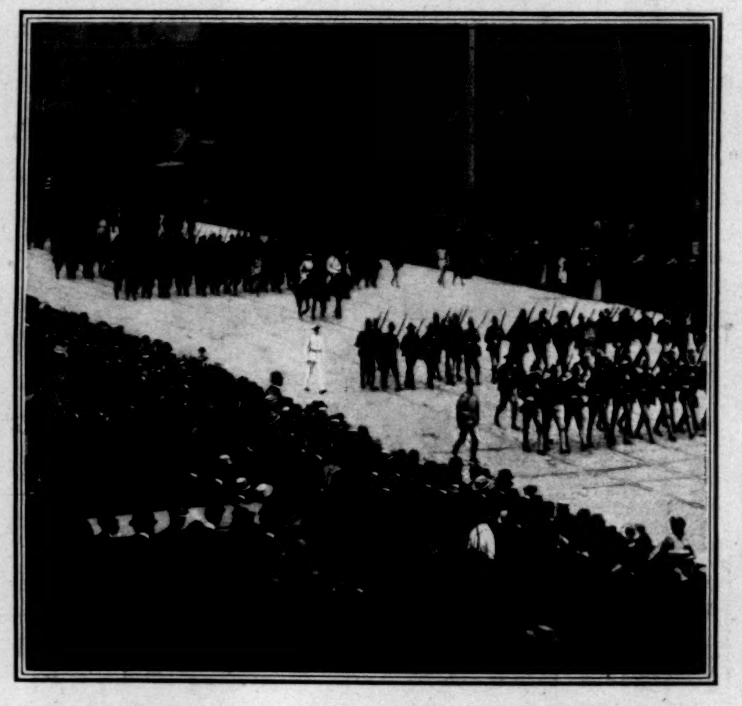
Hundreds of bouquets were thrown upon the decks of the two transports and were distributed among the men, so that most of them wore flowers in their blouses. Fruit was also thrown to them, and they responded by showering Manila cigars upon the tugs.

The men were not slow to express their opinion of fighting in the tropics against a foe that favors guerilla warfare. Not a man in the whole regiment would accept General Otis's offer to re-enlist for two years. Some said that they would have accepted for six months with travel pay, but the longer term they did not favor. They unite in the opinion that a very large army will be required to subdue the rebels, as under the present system no permanent conquest of territory can be made.

To-day the Oregon volunteers had the freedom of San Francisco. It was a busy day for the returned soldiers, for the programme consisted of a street parade, dress parade at the Presidio, dinner at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and free entertainment at several theatres. Thousands filled the streets along the line of the parade and cheered themselves hoarse. The regiment, over 1000 strong, turned out in fatigue uniform of blue shirt, brown duck trousers, leggings, and campaign hats, and all carried Springfield rifles. The faces of most of the men were tanned to the color of their trousers, and as they moved up Market Street with long swinging stride they looked fit for a fight. There was an escort of Troop F of the Third Cavalry. Then came Governor Geer and his staff, Major-General Shafter and his aides, and the officers of the California National Guard. Colonel Summers and his officers followed, and then came the men, divided into three battalions.

The mascots that the different companies carried attracted much attention. One of the most conspicuous was little Manuel Robles, a youthful Filipino, whose eyes bulged with wonder at the high buildings and the cheering crowds. The sick soldiers in the ambulance wagons, with battle-torn flags fluttering over them, made a profound impression on the crowds, and their advance was greeted with an ovation. General Shafter reviewed the procession on Van Ness Avenue, and then the tired soldiers marched to their camp at the Presidio. The remainder of the day and evening was given up to entertainment.

George Hamilton Fitch.



MARCHING UP MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

"What's in a Name?"

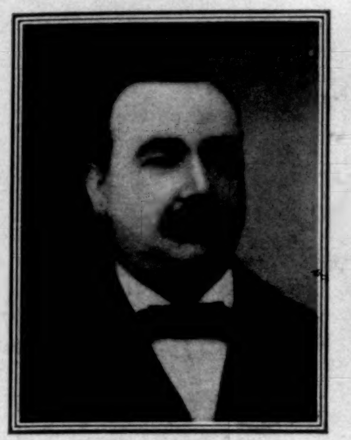
THE horseless carriage has arrived, and of course its first passenger is the public-spirited gentleman who follows the ingenious profession of word-coining. Given a new thing under the sun, and he will fit you a name to it while you wait, and there are no mountain heights of philology that may stay his sesquipedalian feet. Some of his attempts, indeed, are not above suspicion; "cablegram," for example, does not ring very true, and it should be a penal offence to utter such false coins as "electrocution" and "biking." Be it observed that the supreme qualification of the successful word-builder is a contempt for the vernacular. Given that and half a dozen Greek and Latin roots, and any one may try his hand at the game.

The self-propelling vehicle is obviously a glorious subject for the experts in verbal gymnastics. Over in France, where they are accustomed to take themselves seriously, the authority of the French Academy has been invoked, and that body has given its formal approval to the term "automobile." A hybrid word, but not offensive to either eye or ear, and has the merit of being exact as a definition.

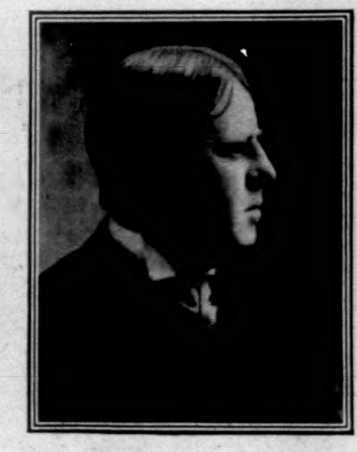
An English authority proposes that "mobile" should be used as the generic, or family, name, and that the different varieties of the motor vehicle should prefix the designation of their motive power by way of a Christian name. For example—"electromobile," "aeromobile," "gasomobile," and "steamobile." Horrible examples, indeed, but an American word-coiner has now gone them two or three better.

This ingenious gentleman would designate all horseless vehicles by the general name of trol (pronounced with the short o, as in hot, pot, etc.). If one desired to specify the motive power, it could then be compounded into such forms as "electrol," "gastrol," etc. To describe the kind of vehicle we should say "trolbuggy," which could be conveniently abbreviated to "troggy." In the same way we should get "trolky" from "trolsulky," and "trolomnibus" could be naturally shortened into "trolibus" or "trolbuss."

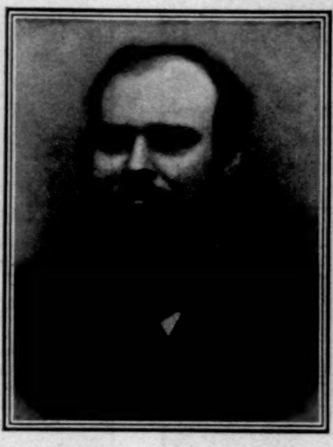
The letter columns of the daily newspapers are the favorite field for the exploitation of these verbal infelicities. A Western professor calls upon a long-suffering world to reject the hideous and incorrect term "automobile." Then follows a long etymological discussion, and finally the professor boldly proposes to substitute for "automobile" the neat and convenient word "autom." Strike off "obile," and there you are. Another gentleman, writing from Toledo, Ohio, offers what must certainly be the last word in the discussion. He proposes "autogo," and backs up his suggestion by a specious display of philological lore. But we are inclined to suspect that the gentleman from Toledo is a humorist.



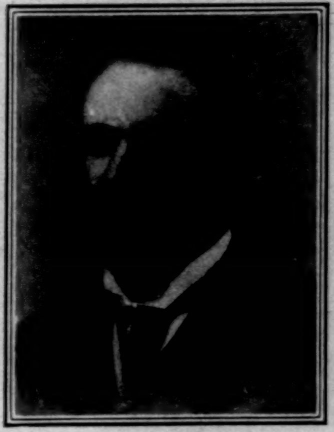
ROBERT E. BURKE,
Illinois.



JAMES P. TARVIN,
Kentucky.



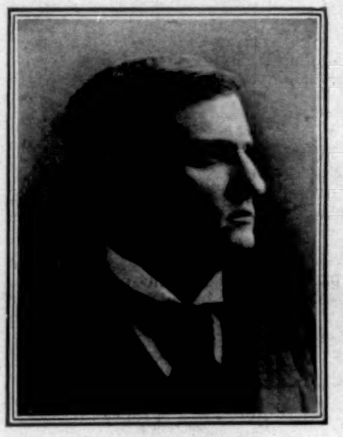
J. S. HOGG,
Texas.



THOMAS GAHAN,
National Committee-man, Illinois.

The Democratic National Committee

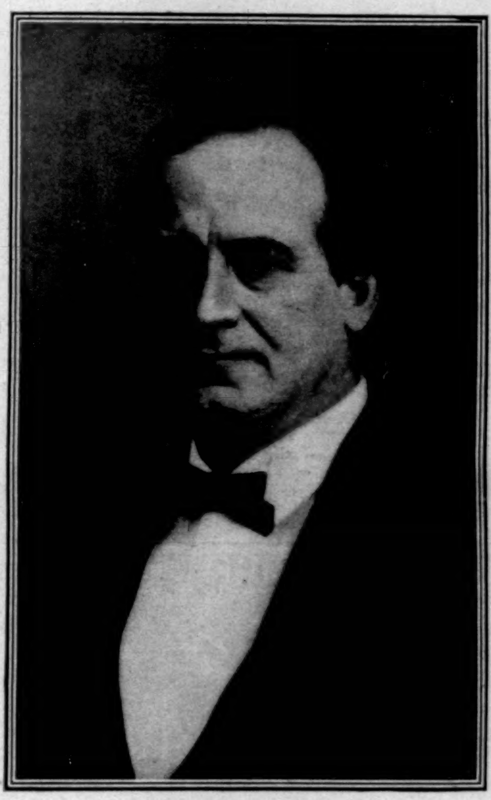
BUT few of the names with which Democrats were wont to conjure were to be recognized in the list of those who attended the recent meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Chicago. The upheaval in the convention of 1896 carried to the top men who up to that time had not been known as political factors outside of their respective Congressional districts. State boundaries limited the reputations of even the most conspicuous among them. To-day those men, then obscure, have taken on national character, and stand as the leaders of the organization. William Jennings Bryan was of course the leading figure among the assembled Democrats. Bryan has improved in many ways since the campaign of '96—pays more attention to his dress now than he did then—and as he appeared in Chicago one who did not know him would easily pick him out as a successful professional man. Next to Bryan the striking figure at the Chicago meeting was that of John P. Altgeld, former Governor of Illinois, who is looked on as the leader of that element in the party which contends that the Chicago platform of 1896 must remain the gospel for the Democratic party in 1900. He has a strong following still in Illinois, but his greatest power lies in the devotion to him of the silver men in all parts of the country.



BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN,
National Committee-man, South Carolina.

His political prestige seems to increase rather than diminish. He never temporizes, and he despises those whom he characterizes as sacrificers of principle to opportunity. Almost alone, he organized a meeting at the Auditorium of Chicago. Many of Bryan's best friends of Illinois advised him not to attend or speak at this meeting, because by doing so he would offend the regular Democratic organization of Illinois, and many Democrats in other States. Altgeld intimated to Bryan that the meeting could get along without him, and that if Bryan would be embarrassed by attending the meeting, the meeting would not be embarrassed by his absence. Bryan went to the meeting.

Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, although in politics but a few years, has come to the front rapidly, will be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois, and, unless something should happen to rob him of his present prestige, will be in the field for the Democratic nomination for President in 1904, with a possibility that he may enter the race even next year. He has shown the faculty, up to this time at least, of being able to foresee or select that political issue most popular, and to make it his own, and it was by this political insight that he was successful in 1899. He and Altgeld, once close political friends, are now deadly foes.



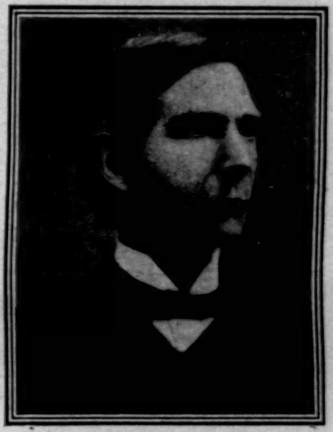
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.
Photograph by Baker.

Robert Emmet Burke is the diplomat and organizer for the Harrison element, and is credited with having effected a combination among the leading Democrats of the Middle West whereby the delegations from their States to the next Democratic National Convention will act in concert. Such a coalition would hold the balance of power in the convention. In view of his faculty for organization and his reticence, he is sometimes called by his friends the "Croker of the West."

Four candidates for the Democratic nomination for Vice-President in 1900 attended the meeting of the committee. George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, silver Democrat in a State that three years ago sent an almost solid anti-silver delegation to the Democratic National Convention, is one of these. O. H. P. Belmont, of New York, another, was not quite in congenial company in the Chicago gathering, because of his known opposition to the free-silver doctrine. Judge James P. Tarvin, of Kentucky, one of the radical silver men of the West, is still another man who wants to be Vice-President. Tarvin is a good speaker, and is always ready to exercise his gifts in this direction. Moses C. Wetmore, of St. Louis, who just now is a mortal enemy to "trusts," is the fourth of the aspirants to the Vice-Presidency.

William J. Stone, of Missouri, chosen vice-chairman of the committee, former Governor, now a candidate for the United States Senate, was another of the leaders at the Chicago meeting; tall, spare, with gray eye and aquiline nose, Mr. Stone has succeeded in placing himself at the head of the Missouri Democracy. His forte is diplomacy; he never fights until compelled to; but when the occasion demands it he never shirks a contest.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina, who won notoriety by his "pitchfork" speech in the United States Senate, was one of the most observed of the men in attendance at the meeting. Tillman is radical and aggressive, and he showed some of his quality in the committee meeting, where he opposed some of Stone's reorganization plans.



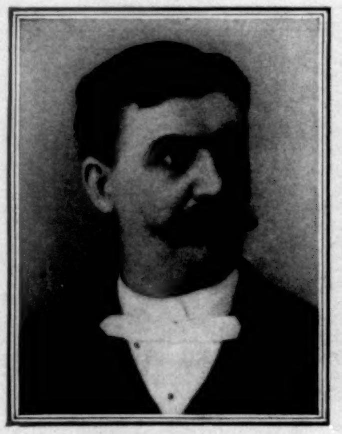
WILLIAM J. STONE,
Vice-Chairman.

General A. J. Warner, of Marietta, Ohio, one of the leading advocates of bimetallism, was here at the head of the American Bimetallic Union. General Warner has had national reputation for years, and does not quite come within the category of "new men."

Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas also attended the meeting, preaching Bryan and free silver, and telling with glee how he stirred up things at the Tammany Hall Independence day celebration in New York.

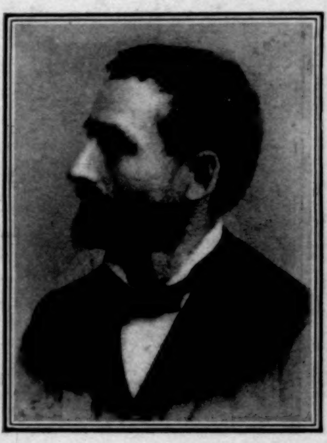
Thomas Gahan, the Democratic National Committeeman for Illinois, whose charges against the manager of the Democratic Press Bureau constituted one of the important matters before the committee, is a friend of Altgeld, and was made a member of the National Committee in 1896. He has come up from the people, and during the campaign of 1896 was the financial mainstay of the Illinois Democracy.

All these men will have much to say as to the policy of the Democratic party in 1900, and just where the line will be drawn between the diplomatic cautiousness of Stone and the extreme radicalism of Tillman remains to be seen. Mr. Bryan seems to be watching the turn of the tide.

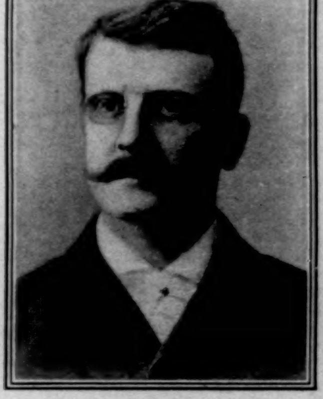


WALTER WATSON,
Illinois.

CARTER H. HARRISON,
Illinois.



JOHN P. ALTGELD,
Illinois.



GEORGE F. WILLIAMS,
Massachusetts.

CHIEF-OF-POLICE DEVERY GIVING ORDERS TO THE BICYCLE SQUAD.

WEARIED POLICEMEN RESTING IN THE CARS, NEW YORK.

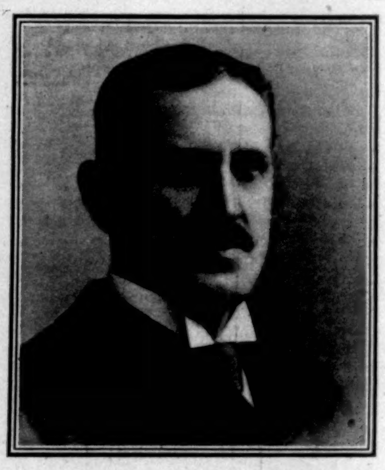
HOOTING A NON-UNION MAN.

AT THE SECOND-AVENUE CAR-HOUSE.

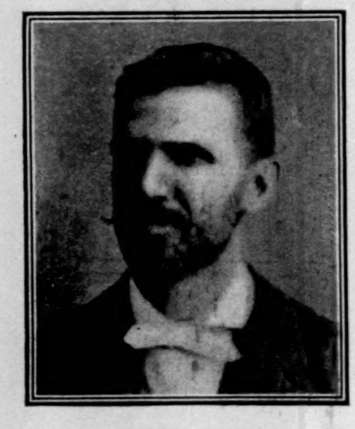
CLEARING THE TRACK.

CLINTON L. ROSSITER,
President Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.
Photograph by Gardner & Co.

WOMEN DISCUSSING THE STRIKE.



HERBERT H. VREELAND,
President Metropolitan Traction Company.



JAMES PINES,
Master Workman, D. A. 75, K. of L.

STRIKERS WATCHING FOR A CAR.

JOHN N. PARSONS,
General Master Workman, K. of L.

THE STRIKE OF THE TROLLEY EMPLOYÉS IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 753.]

THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Holland and Germany desire to secure control of the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg. The United States and England favor the former. An American minister is accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe (a stranger of much the same age and build), is arrested and imprisoned. A beautiful woman visits the supposed von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She gives him a ring as a keepsake. He establishes his identity, and goes to the American Legation, where he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, as First Secretary. He again meets von Elbe, whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia, and tells him of his adventures in prison. Edric in turn tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's desire that he should wed the latter. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. He receives orders to resign for a while from the United States service, and reorganize the Luxembourg army. The Countess, believing that Edric had come to Luxembourg out of love for the Grand-Duchess, had resolved to visit him in prison, and, impersonating the latter, force him in honor to leave. Learning that the supposed Edric was Hardy, she becomes furiously angry. Hardy meets Athel, Grand-Duke of Luxembourg, at Wilverwiltz. Hardy informs the Countess that the ring she gave him had belonged to Edric, who had lost it, and that he had returned it to the latter. He obtains another in its place. Hardy endeavors to reconcile the Grand-Duke and Grand-Duchess. He tells the Countess he loves her, and she gives him hope. Latrille, an officer in the Luxembourg army, is killed in a boar-hunt, and through his papers Hardy learns of a conspiracy to seat Edric on the throne. He hurries to Edric, finds the latter apparently a prisoner, and is himself arrested with the Countess. Edric takes the lead in the affair, and Hardy and the Countess are ordered over the frontier in charge of Wiepert and Vossburg. On the way the latter attempt to murder them, but are killed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MASKS OFF!

Accounting for various unaccountable things, with a hint of further and more important revelations.

AS we walked through the gathering dusk and came out among more open woods above the Wiltz road, I saw daylight closing above the red cinders of the western sun, and the night mists floating in the hollows. Rooks called from tree to tree; field-insects one by one awoke, their chirring gauzy wings beating the still sweet rhythm of the harmony that cradles a tired world under its sheeted stars.

But there was an hour of daylight yet ere the blue twilight fell and the rosy ashes sifted from the zenith—an hour that might save a ruler to his people and a husband to his wife.

"If I can get to the frontier," I said, speaking partly to the Countess, partly to myself—"if I can find a horse in this futile country, perhaps I might ride to the Dutch outposts before de Ruyter reaches the German lines."

The Countess began to cry, small head bent, wounded wrist resting helplessly in the loop I had fashioned for her out of my baldric. She trudged along beside me, tears on her curved cheeks, silky hair blowing across her eyes—a most woful and desolate little figure.

Distressed and unhappy as I was over the astounding treason of Prince Edric, I pitied her more than I did myself. I had lost a friend; she was about to lose her country. The double treachery of the spies and of the wretched officer who had betrayed her, the knowledge that she had been duped and tricked into conniving at a shameful conspiracy—and that, too, in spite of my warnings—left her at first stunned. Now she tasted passionate grief, remorse, the knowledge that through her wilful distrust in everything and everybody except herself, she perhaps had brought her country to ruin and shame forever.

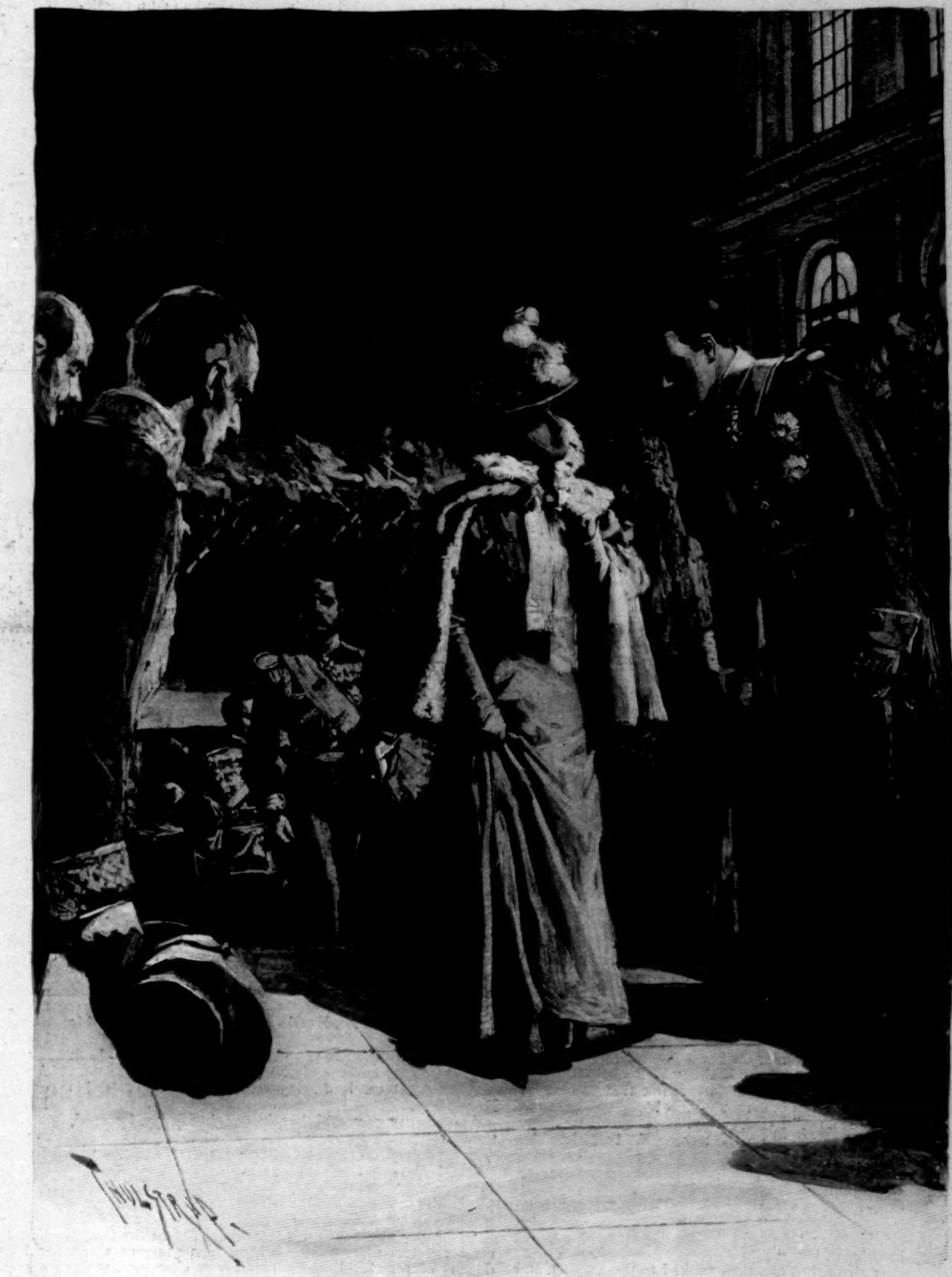
As for me, I as yet scarcely felt the weight of my own responsibility—or guilt. No man living could have doubted Prince Edric's loyalty; the Duke had avoided him because the Duchess liked him, not because he for one moment imagined Edric was plotting. Yet it was true that the Countess suspected him, and it was also a fact that she had warned his Highness and me of her suspicions, and we had disregarded them. If I was guilty of carelessness, the Duke, who even after the evidence of treason in the army haughtily closed his eyes to danger, was also guilty of graver neglect. I could not suspect a friend; he could not but suspect a regiment that he had found infected at the first probing.

"Does your arm hurt very much?" I asked.

She shook her head. "It isn't that," she said, pitifully; "I wish I had believed you."

"I wish I had believed you, too," I replied.

"Why," she said, innocently looking up at me, "I didn't believe it myself until I saw that paper. I only wanted Edric to go away because he made trouble for the Duchess; but when Vossburg brought me proofs of his treason—ah! then I should have taken the proofs to you. It is too late—now."



"THE QUEEN HAD STOPPED FULL IN THE RADIANCE OF THE TERRACE LAMPS."

She began to cry again, overcome by the misery that had fallen on all she loved best—fallen through her own wilfulness.

"I wish you had given me the proofs when you received them first," I said, simply, not meaning to hurt her. She leaned against a tree, face covered with both hands.

I could find nothing to say.

The rooks in the trees had ceased their calling; a firefly, faintly phosphorescent, sailed upward through the still air.

"Come," I said, gently.

"Where?" she asked, dropping her hands to her sides.

I turned and looked up the road. The château lay there, not far away, but the château was already in the hands of the rebellious troops. Had I been alone, my duty would have been with his Highness; perhaps it was now. I could not leave the Countess; I dared not take her to the château, not knowing what danger there might be from the mob. It was many miles to the Countess's own home, the big house at Hérault in the north. Even with horses it was a day's journey.

"Perhaps Edric's lodge is empty," I began; then stopped short, listening intently.

"Hark!" whispered the Countess, turning her head. "Oh, what is that dreadful sound? Do you hear?"

I heard well enough. Somebody up the road, not a dozen rods away, had begun to whistle an air that I knew as well as I knew my prayers—my own regimental march.

"That's Osborne!" I said, excitedly. "He's whistling 'Garryowen!'"

What the pipes of Lucknow were to the woman on the wall, Osborne's careless whistle was to me. The next step brought him in sight, sauntering down the dusty road, head erect, hands in his pockets, whistling away to shame the royal blackbird of Armagh.

"Well, upon my soul!" he said, staring up at us as we emerged from the road-side thicket. "Have you just returned from the frontier?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Don't you know the army has revolted?"

"Oh yes, I know that," he said, coolly; "but I thought you and madame the Countess had been conducted to the frontier. Don't look like that, Gilbert."

"Look like what?" I cried, furious at his calm amusement. "Perhaps Prince Edric has won you over as he won de Ruyter and the Luxembourg army."

I spoke in a passion, and I repented even as I spoke; but, to my astonishment, Osborne burst into peals of laughter.

"The Luxembourg army!" he cried. "Why, Edric sent the entire Luxembourg army into the château cellar and turned the key on them!"

He laughed until his eyes grew dim, looking up at us from the road in the red light of the after-glow.

"Edric is a diplomat, which you are not, my son," he said, coming up the grassy slope, where we stood speechless. "He took de Ruyter as his aide-de-camp and sent him off, not to the Germans, but to the Dutch army, if you please—under the very noses of the Luxembourg insurgents. Then he went back to the château, where the Duke, his Excellency, Giroux, and myself had barricaded the terrace and collected the foresters and a few stray gendarmes. His Highness was furious at sight of Edric, and opened fire on him from the terrace; but Edric quietly drew out his white handkerchief and walked straight out to the lawn. 'Have you a sensible man there?' he called out to me. His Excellency restrained the

Duke from descending and challenging Edric to combat then and there, while I went down to parley—being a sensible man, you know. 'My army,' said Edric, with a funny expression in his eyes, 'has been shouting until it is thirsty, and I have pledged my word that it shall have the best wine in the Duke's cellar.' I tried not to laugh, and went back and spoke to his Excellency. In spite of the Duke's objections, we raised the white flag on the terrace; then Edric ordered Toxé to let the army loose in the château cellar, and when Toxé began to shout 'Treason!' Edric took him by the collar and flung him out of the gate, advising him to go where he was more popular. And what do you think?—the soldiers cheered! After that they went very willingly, by companies, to the cellar. They're all there now, locked in, hammering at the door, or drowning their fright in the Duke's wine and singing the 'Lorelei.'"

The Countess began to laugh. An uncontrollable fit of laughter seized me, and we all sat down on the grass and laughed and laughed, until the dark woods echoed again.

"And the best of it is," cried Osborne, "that Toxé is at the Wiltz railway station, trying to telegraph to William the Sudden; but I tapped the wires two hours ago, and the Duke is getting all his frantic messages!"

The Countess sprang up, breathless with excitement. She never thought of the wound; she had forgotten her sorrow, her remorse, the bitter chagrin. I could scarcely see her eyes in the dusk, yet I felt their sweetness and brightness.

Osborne rose; I jumped to my feet and aided the Countess to descend the bank. Both Amyce and I were full of the excitement of the situation, yet keenly alive to its humor. To think of the Luxembourg army in the cellar sent me into peals of laughter, until Amyce began again, and Osborne joined us from sympathy.

"I've been to Saint-Yssel on foot," he said. "I telegraphed the Dutch headquarters in case de Ruyter meets with delays. It's exciting, isn't it? Toxé will probably ride to the German frontier as soon as he's finished his telegraphing, and it would have been a race for Wilverwiltz between William the Sudden and the Dutch if I hadn't tapped the wires. His Excellency suggested it."

As we approached the château, where every window was lighted, I saw Giroux and his gendarmes patrolling the gateways, lanterns swinging, sabres drawn. From the château came smothered sounds—the voices of the army in the cellar, inebriated, chanting.

"They're singing the 'Lorelei,'" said Giroux, indignantly, "out of tune!"

I asked Amyce if she was tired, but she cried: "No, no! I shall not stir from the terrace until the Dutch cavalry comes!"

Bettina and his Excellency were on the terrace; Bettina and the Countess mourned over each other enthusiastically; his Excellency gave me a dry hand and a drier smile.

"I guess," he said, "that they're going to abolish the army after this; so you won't be wanted any longer, Hardy." He glanced humorously at the Countess as he spoke. I think she heard him, for she turned her back and kissed Bettina again.

"My angel child," she said, "the horrors I have gone through—!"

"Have a pleasant trip to the frontier, Hardy?" remarked his Excellency.

"Where is the Duchess?" asked the Countess, looking anxiously around at his Excellency.

"I guess, madam, she's in that hammock out by the lake," replied his Excellency; "and my impression is that the Dook is with her."

There was a sudden silence.

"She had such a headache!" said Bettina. "The army in the cellar made dreadful noises, and frightened us all."

Nobody spoke.

"The Duke said he'd go down and thrash them, but the Duchess turned white and said he must not," continued Bettina, excitedly. "Then his Highness said, 'Bring me a riding-whip; I'll stop this outrage!' and her Highness said, 'Oh, Athel!' and put both hands on his shoulders."

Bettina looked innocently at Osborne, then continued: "That is why they are out there by the lake in a hammock. I wish the army would not sing."

I heard Osborne say to Bettina, "If your head aches—" and Bettina's reply: "Oh dear no—anyway, nobody would allow me to sit in a hammock."

His Excellency had moved out of ear-shot; Osborne and Bettina, perched on the parapet, looked up at the new moon and out at the calm dim lake, and then—I don't know where they looked, for I was looking at Amyce.

"I think I am tired," she said. "Will you tell Prince Edric that the Countess of Wilverwiltz thanks him for teaching her a lesson in common-sense?"

"Here he is now," I said, gently.

As Edric stepped out on the terrace, she turned to him and held out both hands. There were tears in her eyes; she did not speak. He bent above her white hands, then straightened up, smiling and mischievous.

"Looked like a villain, didn't I?" he suggested, pleasantly.

I said, bitterly: "I ought to have known. I am not very intelligent, you see."

Amyce glanced at me, then walked to the parapet, and I saw that her wistful eyes were fixed on the dim group of trees beside the lake, where the Duke and Duchess moved slowly up and down, close together, under the new moon.

Edric and I watched them too, listening to the smothered howls from the imprisoned army, the fainter murmuring of Osborne and Bettina, the stir of breezes in the forest, the whisper of leaves on the terrace.

There came another sound, too, at first far off, but now nearer, ever nearer—a dull beating that grew into a throb, then a thudding tattoo vibrating through the night. I knew what it was; so did Edric. The gendarmes at the lower gateways called the "Alert," then rode out to the great park gate, where, from the shrouded woods, a stream of torches, one after another, flashed along in an irregular line. The torches were carried by horsemen, great burly fellows on tremendous horses, and after them thundered squadron after squadron of heavy cavalry, the rolling shocks of their drumming hoof-beats shaking the terrace.

"It's the Dutch cavalry!" shouted Giroux, galloping up and waving his arms as I hastened down the steps. I saw de Ruyter, gray with dust, draw bridle on the lawn and bow to his saddle-bow, as, through the flare of the torches, between double ranks of cavalry, a carriage with outriders swept up the drive and stopped. Then I saw the Duke at the carriage door, bareheaded, and the Duchess, on her husband's arm, curtsying low, as cheer after cheer broke from the crowding cavalry, and a thousand sabres were unsheathed and lifted.

Somebody was stepping daintily from the gilded carriage—a young girl wrapped to the eyes in furs. She stood for a moment looking up at the château—smiling, pensive, silent.

But the cheers broke out anew, and the sabre-blades turned and flashed blood-red in the torch-light, and the Duke raised his cap and cried,

"Long live her gracious Majesty Queen Wilhelmina of Holland!"

The cheers swept the ranks like volleys along the battle-line. The white marble steps, glimmering red under the reflected torch-glow, were crowded with brilliant throngs now; for the Queen was mounting the escalier, slowly, serene, a faint smile curving her lips, her eyes and hair brilliant in the shifting light.

Bareheaded, I backed against the balustrade and bowed; his Excellency bowed beside me, and took his place next to a fat Dutch general with mottled cheeks and a needle-like mustache. Suddenly there came a halt in the long line. The Queen had stopped full in the radiance of the terrace lamps, her eyes fixed on a figure that stood motionless on the terrace—so close that her furs almost brushed his breast. The figure was Prince Edric; and if his face was pale, hers was whiter still.

The next instant the Queen had passed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Being an account of further revelations, and leaving a promise that binds nobody, yet leaves the future to fulfil.

THERE had been a great deal to do during the week that followed her Majesty's arrival at Wilverwiltz—boar-hunts to attend, wolf-drives in the free Ardennes, golf matches, horseback excursions, and every evening a particularly brilliant ball and Venetian illumination, so extravagant that the Duke's treasurer, the Semitic Baron d'Arlon, spent hours of anxious inspection over columns of figures that stirred the few remaining kinks on his bald head.

One painful incident marred the universal gayety—the disciplining of the army. It was not disbanded; it was not even imprisoned, except during the night in the cellar. But next day the Duke sent for the parents of every soldier there, and they arrived *en masse*, marshalled by Giroux. Then the Duke gave to every pair of parents a rattan cane and showed them the way to the cellar, and the sounds that issued from that subterranean vault were bitter and instructive.

Presently a column of mothers emerged from the cellar, breathless, triumphant, escorting a file of soldier sons, hustled and slapped at intervals by another column of fathers. It was soon over; Giroux and his gendarmes escorted them back to their barracks in Luxembourg—a spectacle viewed with undisguised horror by the stolid Dutch cavalry. I said to his Excellency: "I refuse to be identified with such an army. For Heaven's sake, take me back on your staff, or let me go home—I don't care which!"

"Eh?" said his Excellency, looking at me over his glasses.

"I don't care which," I repeated, sullenly.

We were standing on the lawn, watching her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina driving off the tee. She drove beautifully. The Duchess clapped her white-gloved hands and cried, "Splendid, your Highness!" The Duchess was dazzling in her beauty; the sun glittered in her burnished hair till it glowed like molten copper. "Where is my driver?" she asked, with a new confidence in her dainty smile, knowing that her husband was close beside her.

She drove; her husband answered her inquiring glance with another that said, "There is nobody like you—in golf or in love." So she went on, her happy eyes resting on her husband's face, he beside her, selecting her brassey as he walked. Yet she had driven very badly, God knows.

"Eh?" repeated his Excellency, peering at me over his glasses.

"It doesn't matter to me whether I stay here or go back to Fort Apache and die of dry-rot," I said, sulkily.

"The Countess is driving off the tee," observed his Excellency.

Amyce swung over, bit her lip, caught my eye, frowned, then swung over again.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Bettina; for the Countess was easily the best on the links.

"You may take my place," said Amyce, suddenly, and placed her driver in Bettina's hands.

"But—" began Bettina.

"I do not care for golf this morning," said the Countess, serenely, and crossed the lawn to the terrace, where dozens of pink and white baronesses chattered, under pearl-colored sunshades, with dozens of heavy Dutch cavalry officers, glittering and empressé.

"Well," said his Excellency, examining the bunch of corn-flowers in his button-hole, "I guess you'd better go back, then, Hardy."

I swallowed in silence.

"You don't want to waste your time here," he went on, "and I have no use for a military attaché. I guess you had better go back to America." He spoke very distinctly—not loudly, however, but he turned his head towards the terrace as he spoke, and the Countess must have heard every word.

"Yes," continued his Excellency, raising his voice the least bit and staring dreamily at a yellow sunshade—"yes, Hardy, there's nothing to keep you in Luxembourg any longer. Can you catch to-night's train?"

"Yes," I muttered, looking at Amyce. Her back was towards me; it remained so.

Bettina drove off the tee; Osborne followed, and away they went over the lawn, a dimpled caddy following like a wingless Cupid with his quiver full of golf-sticks.

"By Heaven!" I blurted out, "I believe Osborne is going to win that girl!"

"I'm damned sure of it," observed his Excellency. He glanced reflectively at his broad boots, placed both hands behind his back, and began an irritating balancing motion, still staring at his boots.

I don't know why the happiness of another should have depressed me. I looked at the blue sky with a heavy heart. His Excellency surveyed the firmament with condescension, turned on his heel, and walked across the grass in the wake of the golfers. I followed.

Her Majesty of Holland was lofting; she lofted perfectly and holed. There came a ripple of applause and laughter.

"Where's Prince Edric?" demanded his Excellency, twisting around to look at me.

"In his lodge," I replied.

"He hasn't been here since the Queen came, has he?" asked his Excellency, abstractedly.

"No—you know why."

"I guess I do," said the old man, chuckling.

Everybody knew it now; the romance of Prince Edric was everybody's property at Wilverwiltz. For his pretty peasant girl at the forester's lodge a year ago had been the capricious little Queen herself; and the very day of her arrival a year ago—the day he left to avoid her—she had donned the costume of the country, as she often did, and had visited old van Tassel, the head forester. There she and Edric had met. Neither knew the other, and van Tassel did not know the Queen. There she and Edric parted, and there she lost the ring.

"Like a story-book, ain't it?" observed his Excellency.

"Is Edric going away?"

"I guess so. I guess he's going to be reconciled to his dear Kaiser," said his Excellency, pleasantly.

"Do you think—"

"Pooh!" said his Excellency, sharply; "don't bellow things like that at the top of your lungs!"

We walked on in silence. The Duchess was putting. She didn't hole, but the Duke said, "Splendid!" and nobody smiled.

Presently his Excellency said, "Hardy, you haven't much horse-sense, have you?"

I grew scarlet; but the old man touched my arm kindly, and walked towards a marble seat under the trees. There his Excellency seated himself and plucked several grass-blades, selecting the most appetizing to chew.

"Why don't you marry the little Countess?" he asked, taking off his hat and fanning his benevolent face.

I could not take offence where only kindliness was meant. I said, quietly, "She does not care for me—that is why."

"And you asked her?"

"Yes," I said, simply.

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"She refused?"

"Yes."

"I guess," said his Excellency, "that she was afraid you demanded it as a kind of payment in gratitude for saving her from old Vossburg. Women are that way."

"No sensible woman could think me such a fool!" I retorted, hotly.

"Women are that way," repeated his Excellency.

"Oh," I said, wearily, "I'm tired of them. Send me back to Fort Apache. All I ask is to get to sea."

"Very well," he said, gravely. "'A man's a ass as goes to sea'—and you fill the bill, my son."

He rose and started again in the wake of the golfers, saying, over his shoulder, "Better go and have your orderly pack up."

I stood for a moment watching him. Presently old de Ruyter joined him, and they trotted off to the green where the Queen of Holland was lowering the record for the fifth hole.

I looked at the sunshine, the white clouds sailing; I heard the river ripple and the wood-bird's cheery piping. I was a miserable man. A butterfly came fluttering around me; it followed me persistently back to the château. There I understood that it wanted my button-hole bunch of sweet-pease, so I laid the flowers on the terrace wall, and the delicate-winged creature settled on them, and uncoiled a threadlike proboscis.

I had been standing watching the butterfly for some time. The house was very still; the baronesses and the officers were strolling two by two into the forest beyond the third gate. Presently they disappeared; a cloud dimmed the sun, and the cool shadow fell across the house.

"Are you going away?" said a voice very near me. Amyce leaned from the conservatory door, her lips touched with a mocking smile, her sunshade swinging in her left hand. She offered me the right; I took it and said,

"Good-by—yes, I am going."

"To-night?"

So she *had* heard his Excellency.

"Yes."

"Then—if you are going—my ring."

I lifted the chain from my pocket, detached the ring, and gave it to her without hesitation.

"Thank you," she said, faintly.

I thought she was going to pass me, so I stepped back a pace. She walked to the terrace parapet, where the butterfly was probing the sweet-pease. It did not fly up when she bent close to it; even when she lifted the blossoms close to her face it still clung to them, opening and shutting its painted wings.

After a while she turned and went back into the conservatory. I did not intend to follow, but I did. We sat on a window-seat and watched the butterfly, now quite at home on the flowers she held close to her face.

"I think," she said, "that Prince Edric will be happy at last. He, too, is going away."

"He is going away to win the woman he loves," I said, pleasantly.

She looked at the ring on her finger, then at the butterfly.

"You must be very happy to know that the Duchess—" I began. But she cried:

"Ah, yes, I am happy now—perfectly happy. Their troubles are ended at last. Why should I not be happy? It is all I wished for—that her husband should understand her."

"So you are happy?" I said.

"Perfectly."

After a long silence I rose and walked to the door.

Her face was closer to the flowers now.

"So you are happy?" I repeated.

"Perfectly."

Something bright, like a diamond from her ring, fell on the sweet-pease. The butterfly, alarmed, flew up and hovered around her head. A single drop—dew perhaps—clung to a petal, then fell. And she raised the flowers to her lips and kissed them, eyes closed, wet lashes trembling on her cheeks.

After a while the butterfly came back, but the crushed blossoms lay on the floor now, fragrant as the sweet face that rested close to mine—frail as the white hands that clasped my neck.

I stooped and kissed her parted lips. The sunshine dazzled her eyes; she closed them.

On the blossoms at her feet the butterfly slowly waved its crimson-banded wings.

ENVOI.

That evening Prince Edric rode away to the frontier, where his consecrated sovereign and eighty thousand disciples squatted in rows on the landesgrenze, peering across the boundary at the blue woods of Luxembourg.

The sudden arrival of the Dutch cavalry at Wilverwiltz astonished the Kaiser; the appearance of the Queen of Holland horrified him, but the courteous diplomatic note from the Duke, notifying William the Sudden that the insurrection had been happily quelled without the necessity of invoking the good offices of Germany, drove the Sudden Potentate to the verge of distraction.

Where now was his chance for meddling? Toxé, bouncing up and down on a fat plough-horse, arrived too late to do anything except arouse the Sudden One to a fury, cataclysmic in its sublimity. But if he was sublime in his anger, he was majestic in his sulks. Rage deprived him even of his accustomed consolation—a speech to his guards regiments. He slammed the hilt of his sabre on the mess table, glared at his staff, then rose, mounted, and walked his horse to the very edge of the frontier, followed timidly by his staff in blocks of five.

It was a death-blow to his philanthropic schedule, this imbecile submission of the Luxembourg army; and as he fidgeted in his saddle, staring out across the sunset and the kindling meadows, he uttered an immortal epigram, paraphrasing the last words of the Great Napoleon—"Bête d'armée!"

Yet, in the very instant of defeat, victory was to be thrust upon him; Prince Edric, even at that moment, was riding through the pleasant Hérault meadows on his way to submit to his gracious Kaiser—humbly submit to a happy destiny that might open a vista of unlimited meddling to the Sacred and Sudden One—the Kingdom of the Netherlands and the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg.

So he rode out of the château gates, cap in hand.

I rode with him, a bunch of faded sweet-pease in my coat. On the terrace above us, as we passed, the Duchess leaned down beside her husband to bid us good-speed; Bettina and Osborne nodded condescendingly; his Excellency and de Ruyter, like a pair of gentlemen owls, regarded our going as the great desert Sphinx watches the wind-blown sands. The Queen of Holland was walking by the lake with Amyce, sweet, serious, head bent, white hands clasped. They turned as we galloped through the gate; I saw them standing still in the blaze of the red, level sun.

We were half-way to the frontier before we spoke; then Edric said:

"There is little hope for a man who changes his mind; there is no hope for a man who doesn't."

"I'm always in favor of a new shuffle when the pack goes stale," I observed. "Let the Emperor deal."

"Yes, 'a new deck and a new deal,' as the devil said when he dealt damnation all around."

"The shortest road to heaven is through hell," I said, cheerfully.

"If it lay through paradise, we wouldn't know it when we got there," suggested Edric.

"Perhaps," I assented, vaguely.

After a while I fished a horseshoe out of my pocket and regarded it sentimentally. The shoe had five nails in it.

"You will be happy for five years," observed Edric.

"For more than that," said I. "The Countess's horse has three other shoes."

Presently he said, "And you are going to Fort Apache?"

"That's where my regiment is going," I answered.

"A sort of desert, eh?"

"Not at all—the Countess of Wilverwiltz will be there."

Dusk hovered in the valleys as we cantered out into the Hérault meadows, where the white granite posts of the frontier stretched from horizon to horizon.

And there, on the edge of the boundary, we gave each other our hands and said a quiet farewell—perhaps for all time.

I watched him walk his bay mare across the border towards a group of horsemen—a mediæval group, giants on gigantic chargers, helmeted, armed, and clad in steel—splendid mailed riders of the Cuirassier Guards of his Imperial Highness William the Sudden. The War Lord was there too, towering up in his saddle, scaled cheek-guard clasped, eagle-crested helmet shadowing the high cheek-bones of a sombre, relentless visage.

In the rising night-mist the group wavered before me like figures on a wind-stirred tapestry; then I wheeled my horse back into the ashes of the sunset.

A star broke out overhead, a planet, sparkling like an amethyst—the blue Love-Planet, veiled in violet. Behind me the silver trumpets blew long—faintly, more faintly—the banners of the night-mist waved through the forest, pale shadows stirred through a white dusk shrouded in fog.

Yet, as I rode, head lifted, eyes dreaming, the purple planet's slender rays, splintering the mist, led me back through strange ways, through fear and distrust and the mazes of false doubts, to all that I loved best.

The scented night was silent where the white peacock brooded, ghostlike, above the marble parapet; the dim soft star-torch flickered in the zenith. Amyce, standing on the terrace, all alone, stretched out both small hands to me.

THE END.

LONDON

July 8, 1899.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons has proposed a financial resolution for the transfer of the administration of the Royal Niger Company to her Majesty's government. Electors who recognize the influence of lofty character, dogged veracity, and invincible purpose in political affairs rejoice in the work done by Sir George Taubman Goldie during the last twenty years in the creation of a great sphere of British influence in West Africa. Sir George Goldie himself has a retiring nature; has never bulked largely in the public eye. His company has made no large issue of capital on the Stock Exchange; he himself has neither sought nor acquired fortune while enlarging the boundaries of the empire; he has never coined imperialism into cash; he has raided no friendly territories; contributed no subsidy to the political war chest of the avowed enemies of Britain; his work has proceeded steadily, silently, faithfully, and recalls the work of Sir Henry Lawrence, Havelock, Gordon, and Rajah Brooke. He has handed over to the Colonial Office as a going concern a great dominion won for civilization without the moral stains that disfigure the records of South Africa and our eastern empire. For thirteen years of trial, successive Secretaries of State for the Colonies of both political parties have never once found it necessary to differ from Sir George Goldie's policy or to object to his procedure. By devoting itself to legitimate trading and to the development of the imperial interests intrusted to its care, unborn generations of Anglo-Saxons will reap advantages at present scarcely visible.

SIR GEORGE GOLDIE has received, like Mr. Rhodes, a Privy-Councillorship, but the public know him not. He shuns advertisement as much as he despises Stock Exchange imperialism. Sir George Goldie in early life made his hero of Rajah Brooke of Borneo. It was his work that inspired the Governor of the Royal Niger Company.

For generations to come Americans will enjoy the opportunity of trading with tribes and territories that but for Sir George Goldie would have remained submerged in heathenism and anarchy, or perhaps have become the prey of cosmopolitan syndicates and their emissaries chosen from the social wreckage of England and the Continent. The South-African millionaires, with the possible sale of Rhodesia in view, are aghast at the ridiculously small price for which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has acquired the whole Niger territory, a vast region comprehending half a million of square miles, inhabited by 30,000,000 of people. The Chartered Company has been bought out for $4,325,000. The Royal Charter was granted to it in 1886, and was mainly an outcome of the policy of the Liberal government. It has made good its footing in the populous region between Lake Tchad and the Niger Delta; it has developed trade, purchased land, built steamers and forts, organized a police service, put down the slave trade, prevented massacres, largely reduced trade in spirits with the natives, and, if it has made no nabob's fortune, has paid its shareholders a dividend of six per cent. per annum. It has saved the Lower Niger for free trade. Had Sir George Goldie been so minded, he could have obtained a very much larger price from Germany or France. The avowed object of the French agents on the spot was to make the Niger a French stream. The presence of the Royal Niger Company saved the situation. Now that its territories are surrounded by pushing European neighbors, the imperial government has found it necessary to resume the imperial rights hitherto exercised by the company, a process which has been facilitated since the conclusion of the treaty with France. Now that the French Chamber has adjourned for some months, there is a reasonable prospect of the outstanding disputes between the Royal Niger Company and France on the one side, and of the British government claims on the French Republic on the other, being finally adjusted.

THE intense antipathy of the Radicals towards Mr. Chamberlain was illustrated this week by a groundless and offensive insinuation against his personal honor. Mr. Chamberlain is a shareholder in the Royal Niger Company, and an inspired attack on his financial honor appeared in most of the radical newspapers with the suggestion that he had betrayed his solemn trust and obtained from the government, on account of his influential position, unduly favorable terms. Mr. Chamberlain explained in Parliament the facts of the case. Seventeen years ago he invested $15,000 in the company, and when its transfer to the government was discussed in the Cabinet, he informed Lord Salisbury and his colleagues of the fact that he had some pecuniary interest in the matter, and asked to be excused from offering any advice or joining in the Cabinet deliberations. While there are many good reasons against cabinet ministers joining the boards of companies whose interests may be touched by legislation, it is ridiculous to expect them to hold no investments in public companies. Everybody who has any money at all must invest it in shares or debentures, and to require all ministers to sell all stock that may conceivably become the subject of Parliamentary discussion is Utopian and absurd. The standard of honor in British politics is perhaps not altogether what it once was. The practice of "lobbying," the growth of trusts, and the parliamentary influence wielded by breweries, railways, gas, and water companies, have somewhat lowered the tone of public life, but it is generally felt that jealousy and fear have inspired the Radical attack on Mr. Chamberlain's possession of a few thousand pounds' worth of the Niger Company's shares.

THE loss to the government of two seats at Oldham, following quickly upon the defeat of the government candidate in South Edinburgh, is not to be accounted for by the mere swing of the pendulum. The government is assisting its opponents with both hands. The latter are not slow to take advantage of the apathy and tactical blunders of the party in power. Mr. Kruger is encouraged by the succession of electoral defeats sustained by the cabinet, which is now engaged in bringing pressure to bear upon him. I am unable to discern in public opinion any hearty and general support to the government in its South-African policy. The public acquiescence is not enthusiasm. On the Liberal side there is a widespread and uneasy feeling that the Royal Commission which sat to inquire into the Jameson raid was not honestly conducted, and therefore vigorous support to the government is not forthcoming from its political opponents. Liberals, as a rule, stand aloof. The South-African Association, a large and influential body consisting mainly of capitalists, is of too partisan a character seriously to influence the public. Meetings have been held all over the empire, from Sydney to Montreal, in support of the Uitlanders of the Transvaal, but these meetings are not spontaneous. They have been engineered from London, and although the manufacture of public opinion is now an art which has attained high development, the fact of mechanism destroys spontaneity.

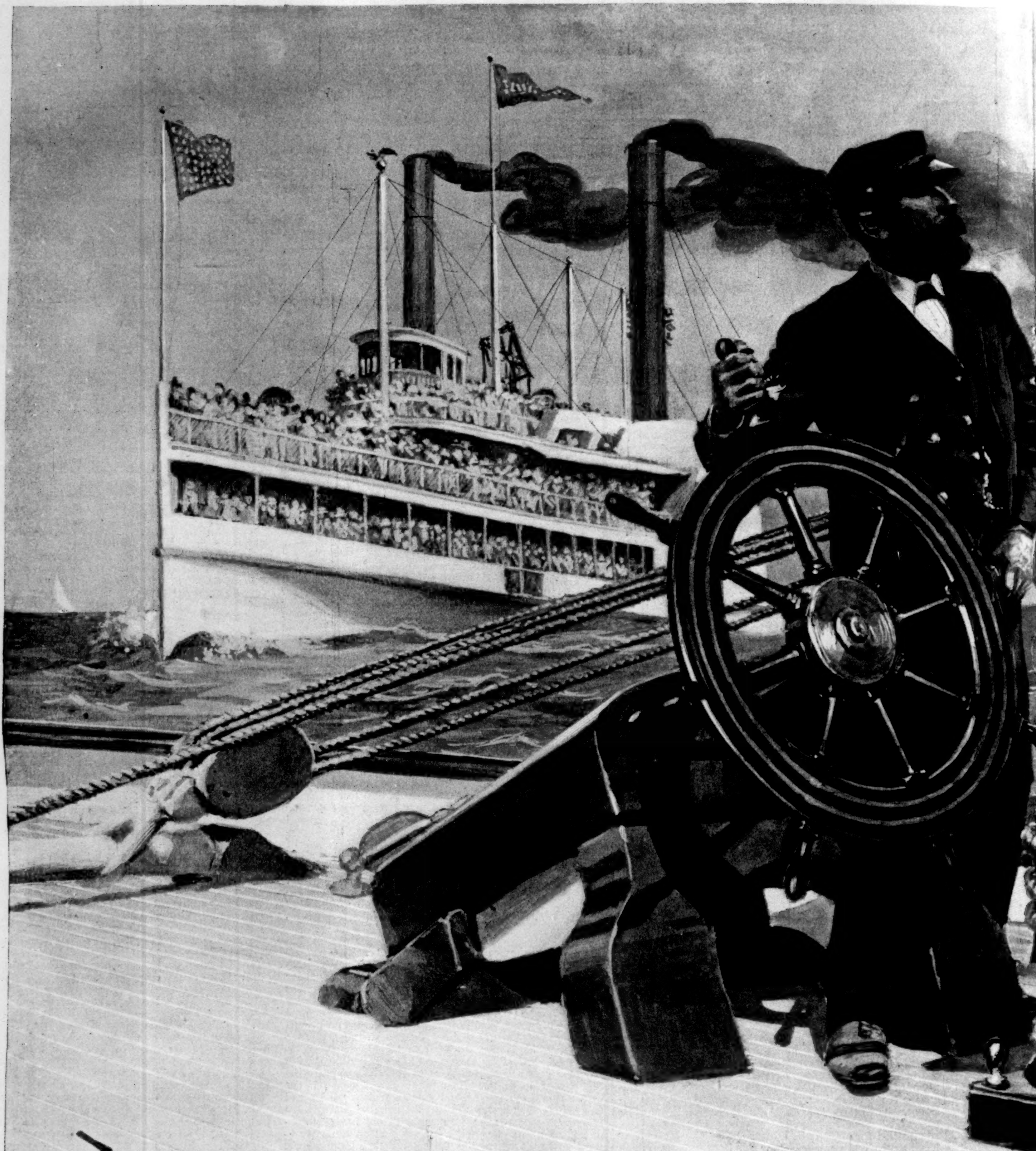
THE cosmopolitan element in South-African finance, represented by the Park Lane millionaires, would profit in the long-run by a successful war, although the depreciation of their stocks and the possible temporary ruin of their properties would inflict on them such initial loss as enables them honestly to disclaim any wish for a war. Meantime, things are moving from bad to worse. Mr. Kruger is impregnable to ink. Troops form the only syllogism which appeals to his sense of logic, and for British troops the average Boer has the most profound and sincere contempt. Ten special service officers leave for the Cape to-day, among them Lord Salisbury's son. I have reason to know that at the present time the members of the Cape ministry are divided among themselves. Some of them are anxious for the establishment of a Dutch Republic from Pretoria to the sea, while others are opportunists of the modern type. Meantime public opinion is being worked up in England by all the subtle influences at the command of wealthy and influential interests. Mr. Rhodes, during his recent prolonged stay in this country, wisely abstained from any interference with the government, but the solicitor to the Chartered Company of South Africa, Mr. Bouchier Hawkesley, who is Radical candidate for Plymouth, publicly expressed his opinion that the government was engaged in a game of bluff. On the other side the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, has publicly expressed his sympathy for the Uitlanders, and consequently for such measures as are necessary to enforce the realization of Sir Alfred Milner's demands on their behalf.

THE first half of the greatest golf match between professionals that ever took place was decided this week at North Berwick. The match was between Harry Vardon, of Ganton, the open champion, and probably the finest all-round player in the world, and Willie Park, of Musselburgh. Two rounds were played at North Berwick and two rounds at Scarborough. The second half of the match will be decided on Saturday, July 22. Although a crowd of six thousand persons witnessed the contest, excellent order was maintained. The fact that 17 holes were halved in the double round of 36 shows the character of the game. Vardon finished with a couple of holes in hand, thus sustaining his public form. The approximate score for each player was 80 for the first round, and for the second, 79 for Vardon and 84 for Park. The second half of the match will be played on Ganton Links, Scarborough, the home of the champion. Familiarity with the details of the course seems to render the issue of the struggle a moral for Vardon. The fact of a crowd of six thousand gathering at North Berwick for a golf match is an indication of the fever for the game that has taken hold of all classes of the community.

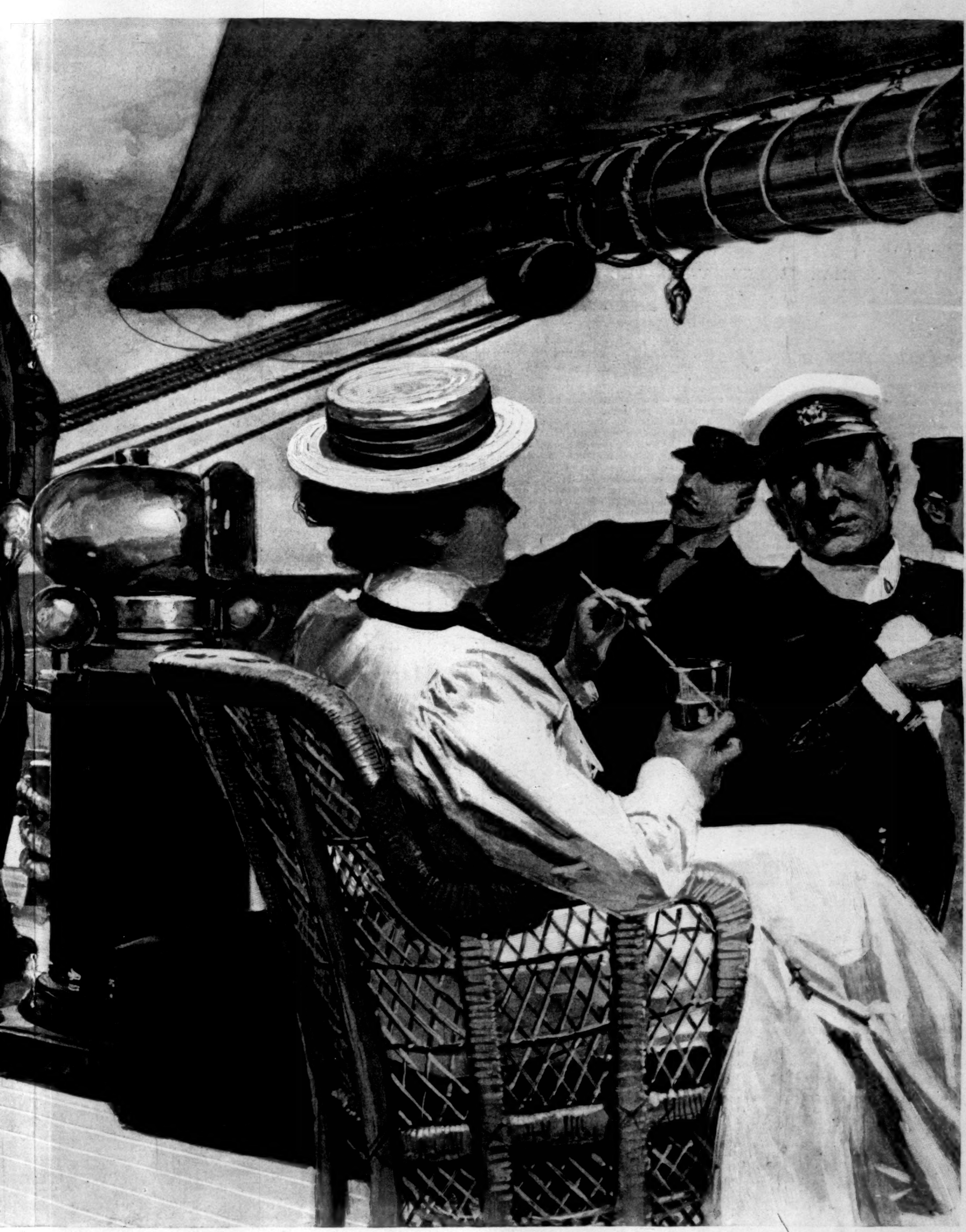
HARRY VARDON is twenty-nine years old. He was never taught the game, but picked up his knowledge by watching the play of good amateurs. For two or three years he acted as a caddie in Jersey, and at fourteen became a gardener. At the age of twenty-one he took up golf as a profession, and from that time he has become the phenomenon of English golf. In 1894 he first entered for the championship, and took fifth place with a score of 338, 8 strokes behind the winning player. In 1895 he tied with his brother for the ninth place with the same score, 338. In 1896 he tied for the first place with Taylor, who had beaten him on the two previous occasions, at 316 strokes, and on playing off the match Vardon won. In 1897, at Hoylake, he was 6 strokes behind the winning score of 314. In 1898 he took the first prize at Musselburgh, won the championship for the second time, and swept the field of all the first prizes of importance.

WILLIE PARK, his challenger, is known in America. In 1895 he went over to New York, and enjoyed the hospitality of golf millionaires. Park is an inventor and an author. He has attained distinction by his invention of the "bulger," while his "lofter" and "putter" are perhaps the most successful of all golf patents. He is also the writer of *The Game of Golf*, I believe the first book of instruction that was ever issued by a professional. The work is thoroughly practical, and so far as a man can learn golf from sitting in an easy-chair, Park's book will help him. The immense popularity of golf has given a new value to agricultural land in the neighborhood of the great towns, fabulous prices being paid for suitable spaces. When the sporting advantages of the barren moorlands of Scotland were first discovered, impoverished land-owners found a new source of wealth in their grouse. Worthless land all over the kingdom is now being acquired at greatly advanced prices for the golf clubs that are springing up in every direction.

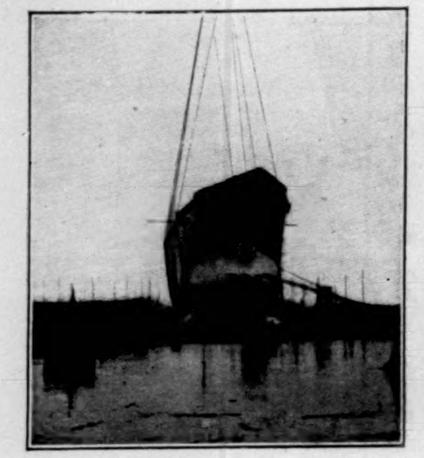
ARNOLD WHITE.



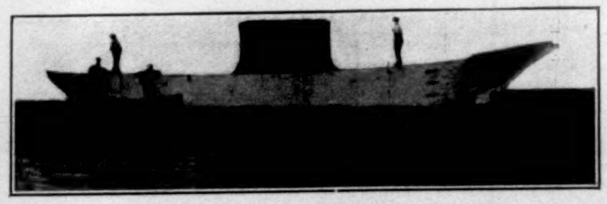
YACHTING—A COOL BREEZE ON A HOT



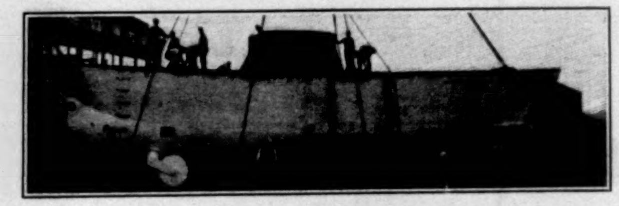
IOT SUMMER DAY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.



BOW VIEW.



IN THE WATER.



ALL READY.

TIGHTENING BOW TACKLE.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION—THE LAUNCH OF THE "NEW ARGONAUT."

(A full Description of the Event was given in Harper's Weekly of July 15.)

Photographs by J. M. Gault.

A New High-power Shell

DURING the past ten years many efforts have been made by ordnance experts in this and other countries to throw from service high-power coast-defence guns shells charged with high explosives, such as guncotton, jovite, emmensite, and explosive gelatine. The last is by far the most powerful of these explosives, but it is also the most sensitive, and therefore more liable than any of the other explosives mentioned to detonate in the bore of the gun by the shock caused by the explosion of the propelling charge when the gun is fired. It is needless to say that such a detonation would burst the strongest gun that can be made. The efforts of inventors have therefore been chiefly confined to securing an explosive which, while less powerful, would be so insensitive that it could not only be fired safely from the gun, but the projectile containing it could pass through a ship's armor and explode, thus producing its destructive effect after entering and reaching the interior of the vessel. The advocates of the stronger explosives, however, contend that penetration is not necessary, but that just as destructive results, with better chances of procuring them, can be secured by the detonation of a quantity of explosive gelatine immediately upon striking the vessel, or even the water in its vicinity.

A very remarkable and successful test of a high-explosive shell of the latter type was made at the army Proving Ground at Sandy Hook, New Jersey, on Tuesday, July 11, in which, for the first time in the history of ordnance, a great mass of explosive gelatine—one of the most destructive compounds that the science of chemistry has produced—was successfully fired from a service coast-defence rifle under regular service conditions. Ordnance experts have seen small charges of this explosive fired from high-power guns without explosion and with explosion, but never has a shell carrying over one hundred pounds of explosive gelatine been fired from a gun with a regular propelling charge of gunpowder.

This was successfully done in the test at Sandy Hook of the diaphragm high-explosive shell invented by Mr. W. S. Isham, of Vermont.

This invention of Mr. Isham results from the theory, now generally accepted, that the detonation of a sensitive explosive is caused by the excessive pressure at discharge due to the long column of the explosive contained in the shell. Thus the larger the shell, the greater, of course, is the danger from this cause. In the Isham projectile this source of danger is claimed by the inventor to be completely eliminated by means of strong metal diaphragms cast in the interior of the shell perpendicular to its axis, which divide the interior into numerous distinct chambers. By this means the high-explosive contents of the shell fill these chambers and are separated by the diaphragms, so that the great pressure of the mass in one chamber, upon explosion of the propelling charge, cannot be transmitted to the others. A central column passes through the shell perpendicular to its base, which stiffens the point of the shell and prevents the diaphragms from breaking. This column also serves to contain the firing-vents when fuses are employed. The diaphragms stiffen the whole shell and prevent buckling. They serve also to increase the base area against which the explosive reacts at the moment of firing through its inertia, and save the friction which results from the excessive compression of the explosive when contained in a long chamber upon discharge of the propelling charge. Access to each chamber is obtained by means of two holes bored through the walls of the shell at the extremities of a diameter. Through these holes the gelatine is loaded into the chamber, after which the holes are closed by means of screw plugs.

The shell fired in this test was a 12″ projectile, somewhat longer than the 12″ service projectile, and weighed 1038 pounds. The shell was loaded with 113 pounds of explosive gelatine, and placed in the gun with a propelling charge of 480 pounds of brown prismatic powder. The gun was mounted on a cradle about 2500 yards below the regular testing battery, for safety in case of explosion. Electric wires were then attached at one end to the primer in the breech of the gun, and at the other with the press button on the gun-lift battery, where the officers had retired to watch the flight of the projectile or the explosion of the gun. A second after an officer had pressed the electric button a great thundering roar was heard, and almost simultaneously the big gun shot back on its cradle about fifty feet. The 1000-pound shell with its heavy charge of explosive gelatine sailed out over the sea, striking the water about two miles off shore. The shell ricocheted and struck the water again, bounding into the air, and again striking the water and disappearing into the sea. Thus the test proved a success, and somewhere off Sandy Hook lies enough gelatine to destroy the most formidable battle-ship afloat and leave no one to tell the story.

The two important questions in this connection are—first, is it advisable to adopt for our service as a shell-filler a substance so sensitive and liable to accident, especially in handling, as gelatine? and second, will it satisfy the conditions of service to use an explosive which will cause the shell to explode immediately upon striking the armor-plate, so that in all cases the explosion will be on the exterior and never upon the interior of the vessel? Army officers are divided in opinion on the question as to whether the best results will be reached by striving to devise a shell which will protect unstable explosives from the shock of discharge, or by seeking to procure an explosive which will be so stable that it can be safely carried through any armor-plate, and will not detonate either from the shock of discharge or from the shock of penetration.

THE SHELL.

A great majority of the regular army experts are strongly in favor of the latter method, as they believe that safety in firing is essential to effective work, and that a heavy explosion of a projectile in the interior of a battle-ship would cause far greater destruction than that of a projectile with a heavier charge on the exterior.

The ordnance officers of the army are very conservative, and will never accept one or even ten firings as a conclusive proof of the merits of any invention. More severe test must therefore be made with the Isham projectile, and after it has been made to penetrate armor-plate without exploding except by means of a time-fuse after it has reached the other side, the ordnance officers will be more willing to recommend its adoption for the service, and the artillery officers to accept it.

Among the prominent officers who were present to witness the test were Brigadier-General Royal T. Frank, U. S. A., Captain C. B. Wheeler, U. S. A., and Lieutenant I. N. Lewis, members of the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, and Judge J. H. Outhwaite, the civilian member of the board. Major Frank Heath, U. S. A., commanding officer of the Sandy Hook Proving Ground, conducted the test. Other officers present were Colonel H. C. Hasbrouck, U. S. A., Major John P. Story, U. S. A., Captain H. L. Lewis, U. S. A., Captain J. C. Ayres, U. S. A., and Captain W. V. Judson.

F. H., Jr.

Chinese Proverbs

MAN is made sharp by man: never alone,
As knives that cut are sharpened on the stone.

If you your children's benefit desire,
Keep them not always filled and by the fire.

Uncivil to a great man one may be,
But not to one of mean or small degree.

Cheap gifts to Buddha you may bring. At least
'Tis safe enough, if first you bribe the priest.

As men seek shade under a tall tree's boughs,
So are we harbored in our home and house.

We gladly greet new friends, unknown, untried,
And throw, for them, our better ones aside.

Higher than eye can reach, or heaven is high,
Is man's desire, which leaps above the sky.

How easy on a distant pilgrimage
For one in prayers and incense to engage!
But masquerading by some lofty dome
Is less than showing kindness nearer home.

Joel Benton.

American Locomotives in Siberia

FORTY American locomotives are being loaded into the steamship *Puritan* at Philadelphia, and within a few days will be on the way to Vladivostok, to be used in the service of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, a very important division of the great Trans-Siberian system, and about which very little information has been published. The *Puritan* has been chartered especially for this service, and will carry also a quantity of electrical supplies made for the Russian railroad, and parts of an enormous steel bridge, also manufactured in Pennsylvania. The departure of the *Puritan* will virtually mark the beginning of what is expected to become an important extension of the export of American manufactures.

When the Chinese-Eastern Railroad shall have been completed practically a new world will be open to the mills and forges of the United States, which can ship goods from Pacific ports to Vladivostok, whence they may be transported through Manchuria to Nertchinsk, a distance of 4000 miles, through a region with a population approaching ten millions. No man can tell how long a time will elapse before these hosts of northern China will become accustomed to the use of articles of American manufacture; but the very fact that they are helping to build a great railroad, under the direction of Russia, indicates that they are not wholly averse to adopting new ideas. The final outcome may be fraught with possibilities as to extension of trade as yet undreamed of.

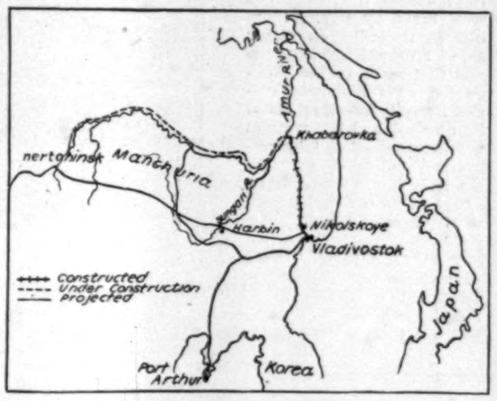
Arrangements for shipping the forty locomotives and the other supplies have been completed by Mr. V. Kishewitch, one of the engineers of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, who has been in this country for nearly two months. It may be a blow to national pride, but he says it is a fact that Russia placed orders for locomotives and other supplies throughout Europe before patronizing the United States. Finally, however, the capacity of European mills was exhausted, and he came to this country on what was intended to be a flying trip. Since he arrived he has sent off one steamer, the *John Sanderson*, with a quantity of arc-lights and lathes and tools of various kinds to be used in the shops of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, and then he turned his attention to the problem of hurrying forward the *Puritan;* for unless the steamer reaches Vladivostok before ice forms in the great River Amur there is likely to be trouble. Mr. Kishewitch remarked that the forty locomotives to be sent forward at once are only an instalment of between one and two hundred of American manufacture which will be used by the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, and he gave further information as to that great enterprise in order that readers of Harper's Weekly might understand its present condition and future prospects.

In the first place, considered simply as an engineering feat, the Chinese-Eastern is one of the remarkable railroad undertakings in history. It is an outgrowth from—rather a development of—the original plans for the Trans-Siberian road. Some years ago, when the political kaleidoscope of the Far East was suddenly whirled around by reason of the Chinese-Japanese war, it occurred to Russia that a great saving of time and distance could be made by changing the route of the Trans-Siberian road so that it would dip southward into Manchuria, and continue eastward for nearly four thousand miles, reaching its terminal, Vladivostok, in a line comparatively direct. The new plan was carefully considered, preliminary surveys were commenced, and negotiations with the Chinese government were undertaken. Meanwhile Russia acquired rights at Port Arthur which made the new railroad proposition all the more important—in fact, wellnigh indispensable. The manœuvrings of the powers toward the possible partition of China aroused the interest of the whole world; and finally Russian diplomacy triumphed in its endeavors with the Chinese government—the most conservative of all the governments on the globe. How the victory was achieved nobody has been able to say; but through this single master-stroke the Tsar obtained a permanent footing at Port Arthur, a permanent outlet on the Pacific, and right of way for his commercial and military trains through one of the richest regions on the face of the earth. Generations of financiers and diplomatists had grown old and died while dreaming and scheming of some practical way in which to open communication with the Pacific by way of Siberia. And here at one brilliant stroke was it accomplished!

Mr. Kishewitch, of course, confined himself purely to commercial matters when speaking with a representative of Harper's Weekly upon the subject of the Chinese-Eastern Railroad. But in considering it one must consider all aspects of the case; for when once completed the Trans-Siberian system, reaching from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok and Port Arthur, will be one of the mighty forces to be reckoned with, so far as future civilization is concerned.

It was in September, 1898, that a formal agreement was entered into between the two governments through the Russo-Chinese Bank, which is controlled by the Russian Minister of Finance. Before August 28, 1903, the railroad was to be built and equipped and in running order, a distance of 4000 miles—approximately the distance between Boston and San Francisco. As a matter of fact, however, the road is being laid down at the rate of 1000 miles a year, by an army of something like 100,000 men. The Russian government is to control and operate the railroad during eighty years ensuing from 1903, at the end of which time the property is to revert to China. That is the present programme, and a stipulation in the agreement; but of course the future cannot be penetrated, and within eighty years a great deal of the unexpected may happen, especially in China.

The headquarters of the Chinese-Eastern road is at Harbin, a town situated at about the centre of northern China, and there located for the purpose of administering the affairs of the railway. There are situated all the technical offices of the company, as well as residences of the officials, and the great shops, etc. Along the banks of the Amur and Sungari rivers, for miles and miles, are stored the great quantities of material of every description used in building the road. At a point on the Sungari, eight miles from the office of the chief engineer, will be erected the steel bridge manufactured in Pennsylvania, and now lying in the hold of the steamship *Puritan*. Its total length is between 3000 and 4000 feet. When the American vessel reaches Vladivostok her cargo will be transferred to some of the forty steel barges awaiting it, and these will be towed far up the Amur to Harbarusk. There the cargo will be broken for a second time and loaded upon trains; for the railroad is completed between Harbarusk and Harbin, 500 miles to the westward, at which the Pennsylvania products will be finally delivered. Some materials of lesser weight and bulk, which are needed in a hurry, will be sent by train from the Eastern States to San Francisco, and thence by ship across the Pacific to Vladivostok; but in general the greater portions of Russia's orders placed in America will follow the route outlined above for the cargo of the *Puritan*—eastward across the Atlantic and through the Suez Canal to Vladivostok. About thirty-five days will be required for the voyage alone, and nearly as long a time may elapse after the *Puritan* reaches her destination before the cargo arrives at Harbin. Should ice form in the Amur, Mr Kishewitch's difficulties will be greatly increased.



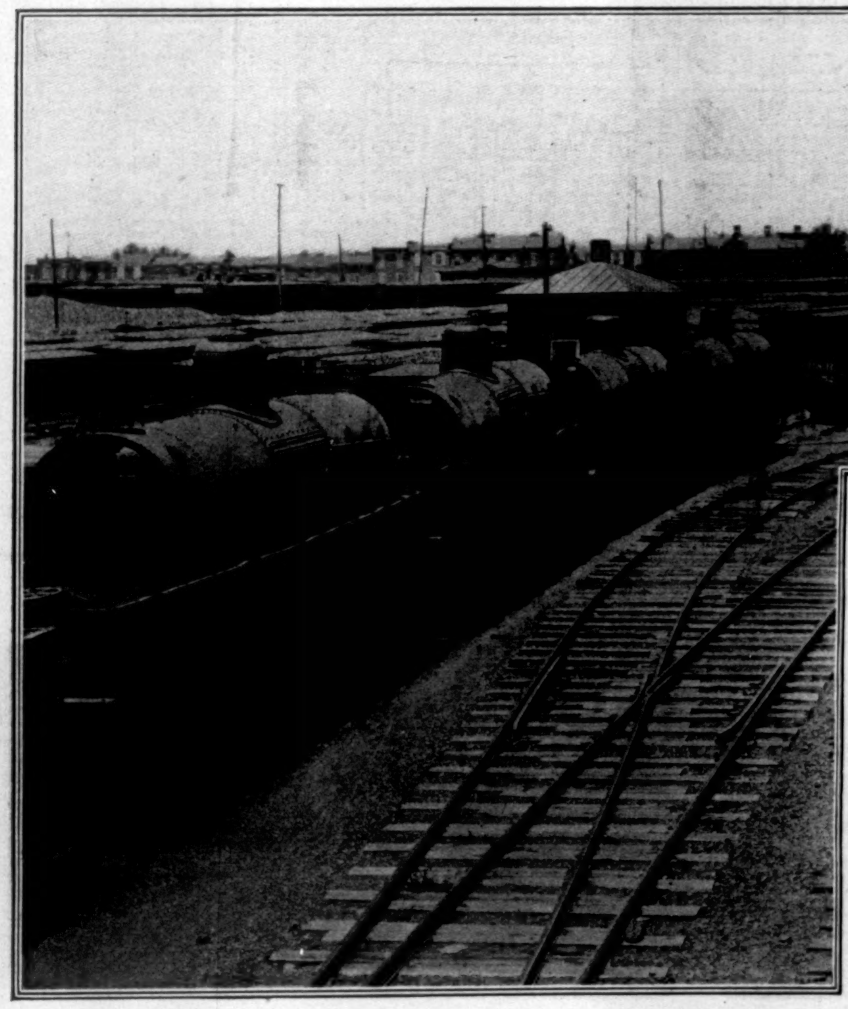
THE CHINESE-EASTERN RAILWAY.

It is worthy of note that while America is expected to furnish more than one hundred locomotives and at least fifty thousand tons of steel rails, besides bridges and electrical supplies, to the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, yet this country is far behind England and Germany, so far as general trade with Vladivostok is concerned; for every week at least one English or German steamer arrives at that port. In certain lines, however, the mills and forges and looms of the United States excel those of any other country, and at the present moment the chief engineer's office, away off in Harbin, is sending orders from point to point through densely populated Manchuria by means of Professor Alexander Graham Bell's telephone. Possibly nothing could show the importance to the world of the railroad better than this statement, for it means that ere long the business interests of northern China will be more or less dependent upon and facilitated by wire.

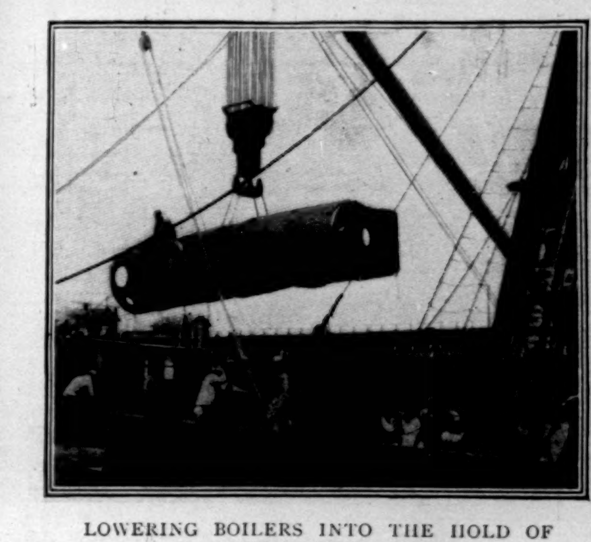
The Chinese-Eastern Railroad is being built in several directions at once. A number of points were selected along the route, and work was commenced eastward and westward from each of them simultaneously, so that through connection would be expedited. One very significant fact in connection with the work is that China has allowed the Tsar's government to send into Manchuria several thousand Russian soldiers to act as police; but thus far, Mr. Kishewitch says, there has been little need for their services. The inhabitants of northern China are highly intelligent, reading and writing their own language with ease; and even the common people there are able to pick up the Russian language in about two months. They have shown almost no opposition to the building of the railroad, and realize to a comparative degree what it may mean to them to be placed in communication with the outside world. Practically all the laborers employed in building the road are Manchurians, but the foremen, as well as the engineers, are Russians, and all the responsible positions are filled by those who possess special education obtained in Russian technical schools, or its equivalent. The country through which the railway is being built is cultivated to a degree that would astonish most Americans, scarcely a square yard of tillable soil being left uncultivated. The region is divided into innumerable small tracts, so that it resembles a vast checker-board. In the centre of each little square tract is a diminutive village surrounded by a protective wall, and the farms are laid outside of the village, but are kept rigorously within the confines of each square tract. From this highly cultivated region the new railway expects to draw largely, and for the ten millions living therein it expects to carry goods from Russia, and to bring other goods from Germany, England, France, and America by way of Vladivostok. Japan, lying not far distant, will import largely of Russian products, it is believed, once they may be sent over the Trans-Siberian system. But, aside from its military value, the new road will be very important as an aid in developing the gold, silver, copper, and coal-producing regions of Siberia itself. The general impression is that immense deposits of rich minerals and metals underlie vast areas of the Siberian territory, as yet practically untouched because of its inaccessibility; but when through trains are running from Petersburg to the Pacific, branches will be extended to Siberia toward the north from many points along the main line, and others will be laid toward the south in Manchuria. These feeders will supply the main stream with traffic. Already trains are running over a considerable part of the Trans-Siberian system, equipped with boudoir-cars, dining-cars, libraries, and even baths and gymnasia, so luxurious are the appointments.

It will be a day worthy of remembrance when the first through train starts from St. Petersburg for Vladivostok, ten thousand miles away—more than twice the distance from the Golden Gate to New York Harbor. Should the Tsar wish to place troops at Vladivostok to-day he would send troop-ships with protectors through the Suez, and more than a month would be needed for the voyage. When the Trans-Siberian is completed he can throw armies from Odessa to the Pacific in ten days.

H. E. Rood.



BOILERS AWAITING SHIPMENT.



LOWERING BOILERS INTO THE HOLD OF THE "PURITAN."

The Brazos River Flood

FOR a distance of over 250 miles from its mouth the Brazos River flows through an alluvial bottom of unsurpassed fertility, in which are reproduced on a small scale the conditions of the Mississippi bottoms, with this exception, that heretofore most of it was considered fairly safe from damage by flood. Only two other very serious floods are recorded—those of 1852 and 1885. The former occurred when the country had just begun to be settled, and therefore did little damage, while the high-water mark of the latter was everywhere from four to ten feet below that of the present flood. This valley—a sample of the soil from which took the first prize at the last Paris Exposition as the most fertile soil in the world—may be said to average four miles in width, though in some portions its breadth reaches ten and fifteen miles. It is filled for the most part with cotton-plantations, which are worked almost entirely by negro labor. Thus on most of the farms in this neighborhood there are from one to two hundred negroes, with only two or three white men in charge of them.

No towns of any size are situated in the bottom proper, except on the lower Brazos in Fort Bend and Brazoria counties. The negroes live in cabins scattered over the farms, but on every place is found the large two-storied gin-house, where the staple crop is prepared for the market.

Up to Monday, the 26th of June, the prospects throughout all the bottom for abundant crops were better than for many years previous. The river was at that time in its normal condition—that is to say, some thirty feet below the general level of its banks. On that day began a rainfall which lasted, with brief intermissions, for four days and nights.

AS THE WATER ROSE.

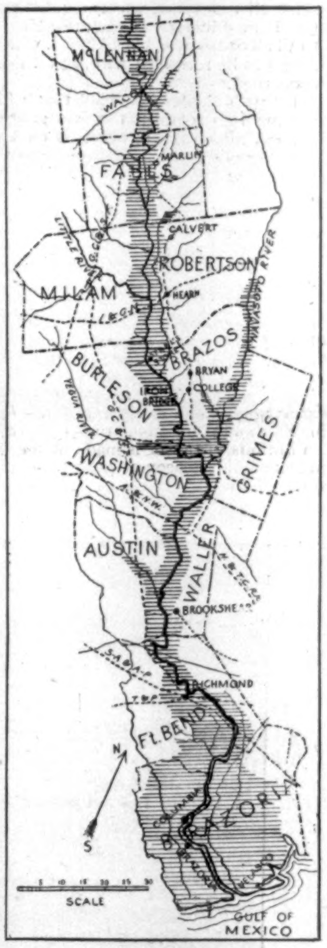
DESTROYED RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER CAMPBELL CREEK.

In the town of Calvert, situated in the uplands, more than thirty inches of rain fell; many houses were washed completely away, and several persons were drowned in the streets.

Below Hearne several small creeks became temporarily mighty rivers, sweeping away all of the railroad bridges and hundreds of feet of embankment, with its accompanying track. These wash-outs, together with the flooding of the track by the rivers lower down, completely cut off from communication with the outside world a strip of country more than sixty miles long, so that not even the mails came through for a period of eleven days. The damage to this road alone is estimated at $250,000.

This was all in the uplands. In the bottom things were immeasurably worse. Never was the river known to rise so rapidly. Wednesday night it was not half banks full; but by daylight Thursday morning the whole upper half of the bottom, from Waco to below Bryan, was flooded, and it was with difficulty that a portion of the mules on the plantations were saved by driving them out to the hills on either side. So rapid had been the rise that most of the skiffs on the river had been carried away before they could be reached, and the negroes were compelled to take refuge on the roofs of their cabins or in trees until boats could be built to take them to a place of safety. The gin-houses were the usual havens of refuge. Some were rescued in boats improvised from horse-troughs, while many boats were built by the plantation carpenters of planks taken from the houses, and many more were built and sent out from the neighboring towns. One ingenious negro, with no other tool than his axe, built a boat of plank torn from his cabin, and brought his family of five persons and a portion of his household goods a distance of several miles.

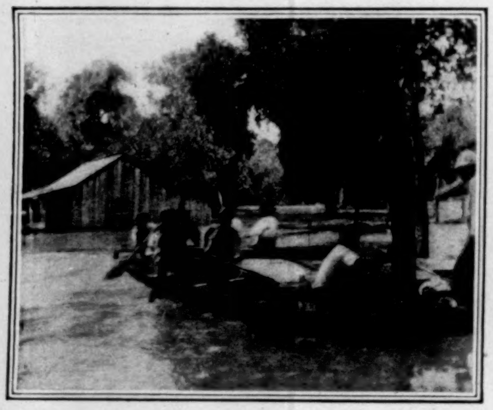
On Friday, the 30th of June, the flood reached its highest point in Brazos and Burleson counties, at which time it reached from hill to hill, attaining the breadth of from five to twelve miles, and covering the fields to an average depth of eight feet. Four bridges across the river in Robertson County were swept away, and one in Brazos County; but the "Iron Bridge," some miles lower down, still stood, though the water, usually forty feet below it, was nearly up to the floor. One could see the water rushing underneath it at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, bearing with it a stream of drift-wood, household goods, and live-stock, with now and then a cabin. Everywhere was a broad expanse of chocolate-colored water, with half-submerged cabins, and drowned and putrefying cattle, hogs, and mules, while occasionally a live horse or cow might be seen standing up to its belly in water on the porch of some house. The gin-houses held each a picturesque crowd of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred refugees. It will be after the flood has subsided that the suffering is liable to occur in this region, and, with the entire crop ruined, there will be little or no work for them to do this season, nor can the planters afford to feed them. By July 3 the scene of greatest distress had changed to Waller County, where the flood, augmented by the Yegua and Navasota rivers, had reached a height of about eight feet above the high-water mark of 1885, and, by the 6th, Fort Bend and Brazoria counties were flooded, the water steadily rising there until the 9th, when it reached a width of thirty-five to forty miles.

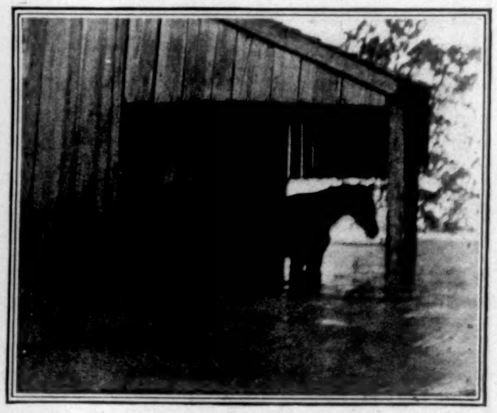


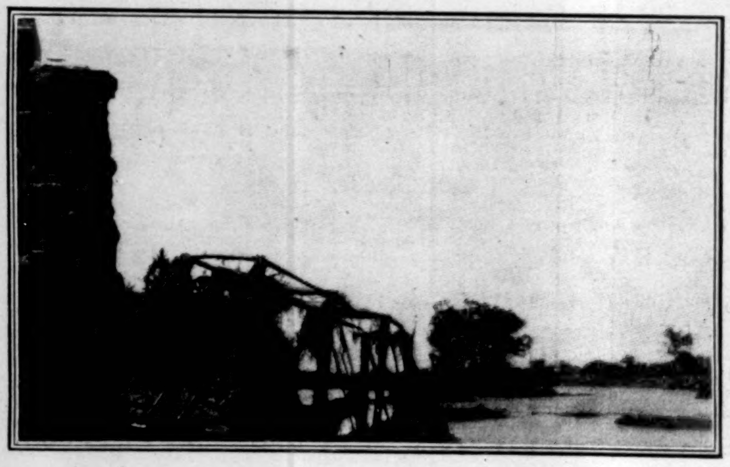
It is thought the death list will not reach over fifty. In Robertson County a negro woman and her four children were escaping in a boat with several others, when it was accidentally overturned. She seized one child with her left hand, and another by the clothing with her teeth, while with her right arm she clung to a tree until rescued. The two other children were swept away and were drowned. A white woman was fortunately rescued from a log after floating sixty miles down the river.

The loss to the State from the flood can so far be only roughly estimated. It means a loss of probably 250,000 bales of cotton valued at $6,250,000, and 1,250,000 bushels of corn valued at over $300,000, besides large amounts of sugar-cane, alfalfa, and other crops. The amount of stock lost and farm machinery and buildings destroyed and bridges washed away cannot yet be even roughly estimated. Public and private charity is now feeding nearly 50,000 persons rendered destitute by the flood.

WILLIAM FERGUSON HUTSON.


A TYPICAL SCENE DURING THE FLOOD.


WAITING!


BRIDGE OVER OAK CREEK—WASHED AWAY.

DESTROYED BRIDGE OVER SPRING CREEK.

AMATEUR SPORT

EACH year, after the boat-races, the collegiate wiseacres put their heads together in an endeavor to place the responsibility of defeat, and each year disgruntled *alumni* of losing universities exploit their fancied grievances, and deliver to eager newspaper reporters columns of hasty, ignorant, and spiteful criticism.

It is a familiar spectacle, I regret to say, but none the less displeasing and non-productive of beneficial results because of its frequency.

AQUATIC BASEBALL.

The present year has been no exception in this respect, despite its having produced the most highly developed crews and disclosed the best rowing of any year in the history of American university boating. A few days before the New London race, an old Harvard oarsman saddened his friends and disgusted sportsmen by illogical and utterly untenable public criticism of the Harvard 'varsity coach; and now, after the race, we are confronted by various extravagant and equally unwarranted statements concerning Yale's and Columbia's rowing policy, present and future.

Captious criticism is made of the boating policies that prevailed this season at both these universities, and irresponsible and ridiculously sensational predictions ventured as to the coaching probabilities of next year. It really is shameful that an *alumnus* who gives his time and thought and best endeavors to the athletic interests of his *alma mater* does not invariably receive more consideration in the years of defeat. If a team wins, no praise is too extravagant for the coach; if, however, defeat comes, reckless, even offensive, criticism is heaped upon him.

START OF THE FOUR-OARED GIG-RACE.

THE ignorance displayed in such criticisms is almost as unendurable as the spite which prompts them.

For example, much has been said and written since Yale's defeat about "a return to the Cook stroke," as one superior to the stroke taught this year by Dr. Gallaudet and the other Yale coaches.

The fault-finders will perhaps be surprised to learn that the stroke used by Yale this year was the "Cook stroke," as taught by Cook himself in '98, and this year's coaches taught it so well that the '99 crew—made up substantially of the same men that sat in the boat the preceding year—was half a dozen lengths faster than the '98 crew, which had been trained under Cook's uninterrupted personal supervision.

Furthermore, the '98 development of the Cook stroke was taught this year in deference to the wishes of the captain and the members of the crew (who thought they might do better by continuing the stroke in which they had been drilled than by experimenting), and against the judgment of all the Yale coaches—Gallaudet, Cowles, Armstrong, Bolton, Ives, Hartwell—who strongly advocated a return to the Yale stroke as it was from '88 to '95.

QUERY of "What ails Yale?" that is going the rounds of the press is simply the hysterical unreasoning exclamation of the partisan who thinks the blue must always prove victorious because it has enjoyed such a large measure of success in the past.

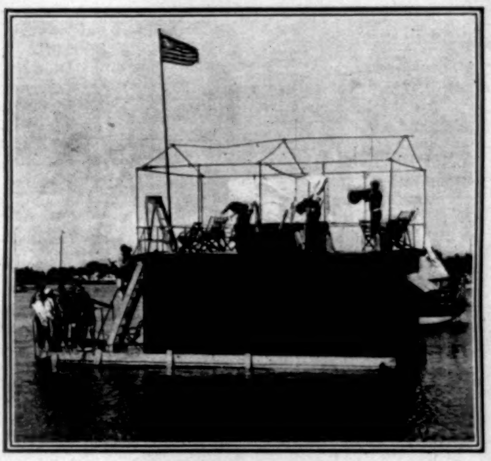
It is not that anything "ails" Yale; it is that Harvard, with equally good and often better initial material, has at last adopted consistent policies, instead of, as of old, spending her energy in short, uncertain bursts after many and frequently changing systems. That is all there is of "ailment." Yale has been a leader; she has long had established policies in her various athletic departments, and by reason of them, and because Harvard had no determined policy and could not learn by experience, enjoyed continued success in her contests with the crimson.

If anything indeed "ails" Yale it is that the undergraduates need the restraining influence and better-balanced judgment of their *alumni*. At present they have too much to say, and say it with too much gusto and too little thought. They would better implicitly trust in Dr. Gallaudet's judgment next year, and permit the coaches to teach the stroke their experience and knowledge suggests. The determination of Yale's rowing policy may safely be left to Messrs. Gallaudet, Cowles, Bolton, Armstrong, Hartwell, and Ives.

AS for Columbia, her rowing has not for a long time been on so encouraging a basis. Mr. Peet developed the only winning crew in '95 that Columbia has had in a number of years, and this season he turned out an eight fully as good as that of '95. Only this year it met very much faster crews than it did four years ago—besides which its stroke oar had a hand so badly festered that it is a wonder he could pull at all. Some modifications of the present stroke are perhaps advisible, and will no doubt be made. We all learn by experience—if we are wise. But Mr. Peet has established a system, and Columbia, if her best interests are consulted, will not again change until longer trial has disclosed the real need of doing so.

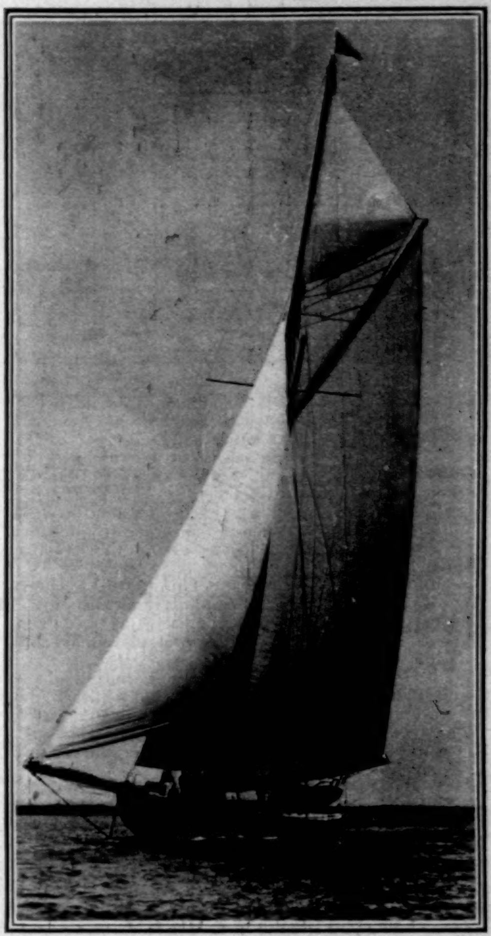
NO comparison can be made between Harvard's time (20 min. 52½ sec.) on the Thames and that (20 min. 4 sec.) made by Pennsylvania on the Hudson. The conditions on the latter river were very much faster.

Comparison can be made, however, of the management of the two regattas, and to the emphatic advantage of Poughkeepsie, where everything moved smoothly and the course was kept clear.



HIGH DIVING THROUGH PAPER SCREENS.

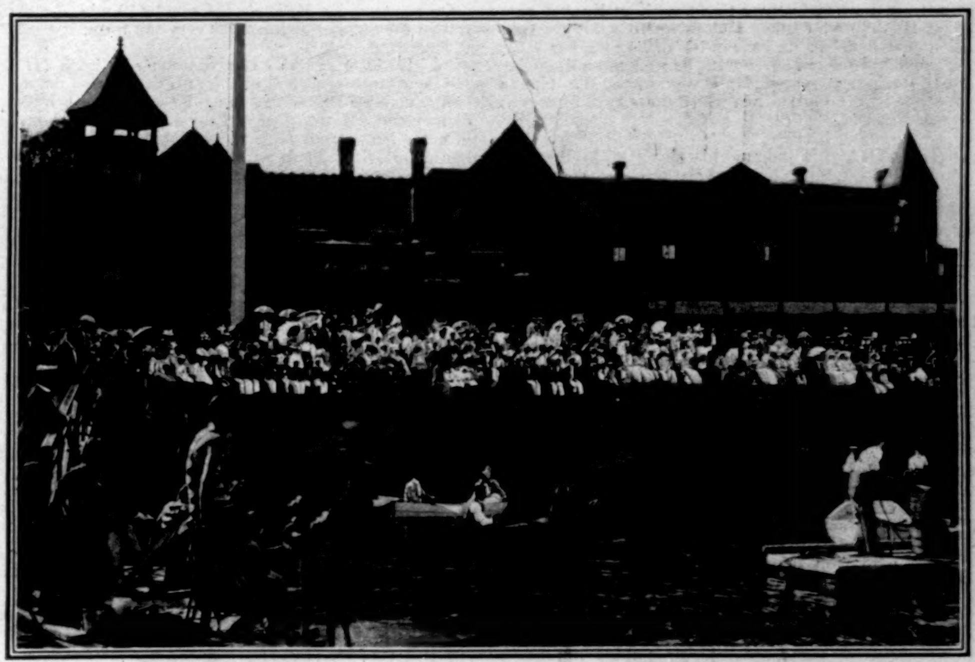
The policing of the Thames was wretchedly inefficient; two excursion Sound boats went up the Freshmen course, and one of them unquestionably greatly hindered the Yale Freshmen with its wash—certainly losing them distance if nothing more serious; while in the 'varsity race a flotilla of small boats so crowded the west course that Harvard was obliged to veer considerably off her course, and but for a cool-headed coxswain a collision and an interrupted race would have resulted.



"SHAMROCK,"
Challenger for the "America's" Cup, in her First Trial Sail.

The Harvard-Yale Regatta officials cannot afford a repetition of this year's inefficient policing. Some one neglected his duty at New London, and that individual should be sought out and punished.

CONSIDERING the material it has sometimes to deal with, the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen keeps notably free of scandal. This is due largely to the character of the men making a majority of the executive committee. Club rowing in America seems not to attract college oarsmen to any appreciable extent—and that is one more reason why a New London week of college boating—somewhat on Henley Regatta lines—would be valuable; but the Association appears to be extending its scope among the clubs, and the latter are, in separated districts, even increasing their membership. This is particularly true around Philadelphia and Boston. Here in New York boating appears to have some difficulty in sustaining vigorous life, though in New Jersey there seems no lagging of interest. Truth to tell, the available candidates in and about Boston and Philadelphia are a better class than present themselves in New York—morally and physically. They are both more wholesome in mind and more virile in body. And what is true of these two sections applies also to Detroit. New Orleans is likewise the centre of considerable rowing activity, which, if less virile than that of New England, is quite as wholesome.



LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB HOUSE ON THE DAY OF THE WATER SPORTS.

OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD-YALE TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETIC MEETING, QUEEN'S CLUB GROUNDS, KENSINGTON, LONDON, JULY 22, 1899.

Event.	Oxford-Cambridge.			Harvard-Yale.			Performance.	English University Record.	American University Record.
	Firsts.	Seconds.	Winner.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Winner.			
100-yard dash		1	C. R. Thomas (O.).	1		F. J. Quinlan (H.).	10 sec.	‖10 sec.	†9 4-5 sec.
440-yard run	1		C. G. Davison (C.).		1	D. Boardman (Y.).	49 2-5 "	48 1-2 "	§49 2-5 "
880-yard run	1	1	H. E. Graham (C.). C. H. W. Struben (O.)				1 min. 57 1-5 "	‖1 min. 54 3-5 "	†1 min. 53 2-5 "
One mile run	1	1	M. H. Hunter (C.). L. Dawson (O.).				4 " 24 "	4 " 19 4-5 "	4 " 23 2-5 "
Three-mile run	1		H. W. Workman (C.).		1	C. K. Palmer (Y.).	15 " 24 2-5 "	14 " 44 2-5 "	No record.
120-yard hurdles		1	W. G. Paget-Tomlinson (C.).	1		F. Z. Fox (H.).	15 3-5 "	‡‖15 4-5 "	†15 1-5 "
Running high jump		1	H. S. Adair (O.).	1		A. N. Rice (H.).	6 ft. 0 in.	6 ft. 2 1-2 in.	6 ft. 4 in.
Running broad jump	1		G. C. Vassall (O.).		1	C. D. Daly (H.).	23 " 0 "	*23 " 6 1-2 "	†24 " 4 1-2 "
Throwing 16-lb. hammer				1	1	W. A. Boal (H.). H. J. Brown (H.).	130 " 1 "	138 " 3 " (Unlimited run and length of handle.)	153 " 8 " (7-foot run.)
Total	5	5		4	4	‡ On turf.		* English measurement.	† World's record.

§ On straightaway track against time, Wendell Baker (Harvard) holds world's record—47 3-4 sec.

‖ Also British Amateur Record.

THE published cause of the Vesper Boat Club's (Philadelphia) reconciliation with the National Association reflects no credit on that club, though it does recall the unswerving and rightful course of the national body. Hedley, an oarsman of ability and a member of the club, several years ago pawned his medals. The National Association very properly disqualified him, and the Vesper Club ever afterwards sulked in the corner—though stoutly proclaiming its sportsmanship through the columns of the daily press!

The Pennsylvania Barge Club, I am pleased to observe, has a deeper sense of the obligations of an amateur. Its star oarsman, Van Vleit, also pawned his medals, and likewise was disqualified, with no protest from his club.

It is a serious question if a man who sells or pawns his medals, and thereby professionalizes himself, should ever be reinstated. No athlete sins unwittingly in these days; they all know the rules. I am glad to note that Mr. Jupp, president of the Detroit Boat Club, views it by the same light, and will offer such a resolution to the National Association.

APROPOS of the newspaper stories that Henley Regatta would henceforth be barred to foreign entries, I have a letter from an English friend, who is also one of the Henley Committee, from which an excerpt will be instructive and convincing, as it may also be considered an expression of official opinion.

> ...... I can assure you that there is no intention whatever on the part of the Committee of Management of the Henley Regatta (rather a long title; let us call it the Henley Committee) to exclude any foreign competitor who is not barred by the letter or the spirit of our rules. In the case of foreign competitors the committee is always reproached with interpreting the laws too liberally.
>
> There is certainly a very small minority on the committee who have expressed a pious wish that foreign competition had never been allowed, but, as things have gone, I don't think that even they would now exclude any desirable foreigners even if the choice lay entirely in their own hands.
>
> Speaking for the committee as a whole, we have, during the last five years, so altered our rules that it is much easier for any Continental rowing club to enter a crew than it used to be; the same privileges would be extended to the States if there was any central authority on which we could depend not to send us doubtful amateurs.
>
> Our rowing amateur is, I think, almost the only true amateur we have left. The reason of his superiority undoubtedly lies in the higher social class from which he is drawn.

NO reflection upon the National Association is intended by reference to "doubtful amateurs," but rather a reminder that those eligible under the N.A.A.O. rules do not invariably comply with the traditionally accepted conception of an amateur which obtains at Henley.

The Association made a very serious mistake in putting forward Ten Eyck, and sportsmen hope such another error of judgment will not be committed. Not that Ten Eyck is a professional, or that he has offended the National Association's sense of amateurism, but he is not the class of amateur for whom Henley was originally provided. His entry was a distinct departure from Henley traditions, and as such not pleasing to the Englishmen, who, in their embarrassment, permitted him to row rather than create a misunderstanding with our Associations, whose traditions and sentiments are dissimilar to those observed at Henley.

American rowing-men misunderstand this sentiment governing Henley entries, and therefore in ignorance condemn it for the very features that have kept English rowing (at Henley) wholesome and prosperous. The Association may consider its conception of an amateur fairer—and many of us will agree with its understanding—but that is no logical reason for embarrassing the Henley committee by sending entries which do not conform with their traditions.

COMMENDABLE judgment is displayed by the Association in holding the National Regatta this year on the Charles, at Boston (July 28 and 29), and much added interest in local boating is sure to result. Next year the regatta should be held again at Philadelphia, and the year following at Detroit, where is one of the finest rowing-courses in the world. There is some talk, I understand, of selecting the Harlem (New York) for next year, but such a choice would be neither happy nor sensible. The Harlem course itself is not comparable with the Charles or Schuylkill, and there certainly is not sufficient boating activity hereabouts to warrant giving any preference to New York.

Were a single course to be chosen permanently for the annual regatta, opinions could hardly differ as to the Schuylkill being the best and most accessible under such conditions. But the wisest plan seems to me to be one which gives Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and Detroit each its turn once every four years.

IT looks now as though at length we should witness that long-deferred single-scull race between Joseph Maguire, who won the championship two years ago at Philadelphia, and E. H. Ten Eyck, who captured the Diamond Sculls at Henley the same year and won the American National event last August on the Schuylkill. An excellent and recent ruling opens the National single-sculls event to Seniors only, thus removing dangers of fouling through poor watermanship of aspiring Juniors.

Thus far Maguire has revealed no public form that suggests ability to defeat Ten Eyck, provided the latter has lost none of the speed he exhibited last year. Whitehead, another Boston sculler, will also start in this event, and though he is not likely to win, at least his showing will be praiseworthy. There was talk of B. H. Howell—the American who this year won the Diamond Sculls at Henley—coming over for the National, but he will be unable to appear.

Juvenal, the Philadelphian, who was a several times candidate for National single-scull honors, is better placed this year as stroke of the Pennsylvania Barge Club Senior eight, where companionship serves to keep up his courage, and thereby gives opportunity for his best oarsmanship.

RACING of the Senior eights will, in point of fact, be the most interesting in the programme of eleven events, for several crews have entered, and all are, so far as may be previously judged without prolonged scrutiny, very fairly matched.

The Pennsylvania Barge Club crew at present holds the championship, but the Vesper eight rowed a dead heat with the champions in a Fourth-of-July regatta, and has not deteriorated since that day. Then there will also be an eight from Weld Club, which should do well, although 1½-mile scrapping does not usually show college-bred oarsmen at their best; and also the Knickerbocker A. C. crew, which in a borrowed shell, on Decoration day, defeated the erstwhile formidable crew of the Bohemian Club.

The New York A. C. will send its fast eight, though it will probably go into the intermediate event, and ought to win, for it is a strong, well-drilled, and smooth-working crew.

As indication of how much activity there is among Harlem River oarsmen—of twelve clubs on the river only one entry has been made for the National Regatta!

It is sufficiently noticeable to cause remark that Dr. W. D. McDowell, of Chicago, who has sought honors at Henley, should neglect this opportunity nearer home of meeting an oarsman who has rowed at Henley and won.

"SHAMROCK'S" first appearance in the Solent appears to have aroused wondrous diversity of English opinion—some of which, I regret to observe, seems to bear the trade-mark of Dunravenism.

Apparently a considerable number of English yachtsmen will be unfeignedly pleased should Sir Thomas Lipton's effort to win the *America's* Cup prove unsuccessful. If evidence continues accumulating, we shall be forced to conclude that the Englishman is an ungracious loser.

Shamrock has really had but one opportunity thus far of showing her speed, and even on that occasion she was worked for a time without her club-topsail, and did not, therefore, genuinely reveal her limitations. But taking all this into consideration, as well as lack of the tuning up which every new boat requires, there yet remains no doubt that *Shamrock's* performance against *Britannia* was a distinct disappointment. Judged by her sailing of the other day, it is even doubtful if she could defeat *Valkyrie III.*

In a good sailing breeze, July 18, *Shamrock* beat *Britannia* from thirteen to seventeen minutes (as variously reported) over a fifty-mile course. *Valkyrie III.*, before she left England for America in '95, had several races with *Britannia*, and clearly demonstrated that in all kinds of weather she was from fifteen to seventeen minutes the faster.

On one occasion *Valkyrie III.* won by 19 min.,—and this was in the days of *Britannia's* very top form.

CARRYING out the comparison:—*Valkyrie III.* was handsomely beaten, in the only race sailed out fairly to the end, by *Defender*, 8 min. 49 sec., over a thirty-mile course, and *Columbia* has already shown she is about two minutes faster than *Defender*, and will no doubt increase her superiority by two minutes more. But even on what she has done now, like *Shamrock*, in an unprepared condition, *Columbia* has shown that she is at least ten minutes faster than *Valkyrie III.*, the defeated challenger of '95, while *Shamrock* has yet to prove that she is even so speedy as *Valkyrie III.*

Certainly all American sportsmen hope she may prove to be much faster than the British challenger of '95; we would like to see Lipton's sportsmanship rewarded, and we want at least one *America's* Cup race that will be a real race and not a procession.

In respect of this wish, it is gratifying to learn that some English critics look upon the new boat's chances with favor, and perhaps when she gets on her proper rig and tunes up a bit she will show the requisite improvement. But it must be considerable, for she will have to sail just twice as fast as she did on the 18th inst. to have a look in for the *America's* Cup.

It is more than likely that the remainder of *Shamrock's* tuning up will be done in American waters, as she is to be fitted out in a few days for her trip across the Atlantic. And an excellent idea it is.

OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE impressively defeated Harvard-Yale last Saturday at Kensington. Not so much in the matter of mere score—for there was but a single point's difference between the two teams at the end of the contest—but in the manner and the surety of its making. Not only did the Englishmen capture the majority of events, but they left no possible doubt as to the righteousness and the completeness of the decisions. 'Twas not only that they won out, but they did so by always equalling, if not bettering, their previous best performances—and without individual collapse.

The Oxford-Cambridge team fully realized its potential strength; the Harvard-Yale team failed to do so. Four of the Englishmen excelled their records, and all save two equalled their best previous work; only three of the Americans equalled their best previous performances, and two of the three bettered them—one to equal and the other to establish a British record. Still more commanding was the finishing strength of every winning Englishman as compared with the obvious distress that overcame the losing American runners.

I am not writing to excuse American defeat or to detract in the slightest degree from English victory; it was an emphatic triumph, handsomely won and richly merited. But there is reason why the English team should perform up to the best work of its members, while the American team in the majority of instances did not—and it is advisable that we seek the explanation, and profit by the lesson it teaches.

THE real story of the conquest is, in my judgment, to be found not in the handicap of climate on the Americans, but in the superior physical condition of the Englishmen. They entered upon their races with a reserve fund of strength to be used at the finish, and it carried them through the quarter, half, one, and three mile races, while the Americans, with equal initial speed—at least in the middle distances—lacked the strength to sustain it to the end. Nor is this the first time this lesson has been brought home to us. In '94, when Yale met Oxford, Jordan (Oxford), record 51⅕ sec., defeated Sanford, record 50⅗ sec., in the quarter in 51 sec., and Greenhow (Oxford), record of 2 min., beat Woodhull (Yale), record 1 min. 59⅕ sec., in the half-mile in 2 min. ⅘ sec. The year following Jordan came to New York, and ran second to Burke by six inches in 49 sec.

It is not climate that is accountable for these reverses, but our system of training. We do not give men enough ground-work; their muscles are attuned to certain distances, and do not acquire sufficient strengthening by distance walking or running to withstand an unusual effort. The Englishman walks and runs across country—we put men on the cinder track and develop them like machines. Besides which, we train our men too fine; they get too much training, in a word, and while that system may develop record-breakers, it does not make the strong, enduring match-racers that result from the simple common-sense system in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge.

The trouble with we Americans is that we think we know it all, and must needs get a terrific facer before we realize that some one else knows perhaps a little too.

QUINLAN'S defeat of Thomas was not expected, but not at all surprising, since it is but a return to his early-season form, and justifies the reputation he has long had of being equal to even time. Blount led to 75 yards, when he weakened, and Thomas went to the front, followed by Quinlan, who won out in the last few yards by a couple of feet.

The quarter had been reckoned an uncertainty, with chances in our favor, but Boardman was raced to a standstill by Hollins, whom he led all the way, and finally easily beaten (5 yards) by Davison, who came up with a rush and in great strength, and Hollins stopping, Fisher got third. With Burke and Adams, each having better records than the Englishmen, the half was thought safely ours—but again the Americans were raced to a standstill, Adams getting third 20 yards back, while Burke was far in the rear, and greatly distressed with the stomach trouble he has had all this year.

There is no doubt that but for this Burke would have won this event, for he is a veteran and a strong finisher of known endurance and speed. He has not shown his true form at any time this year. Adams is a decided disappointment; he has the speed, but seems unable to disclose it.

The one and three miles were expected to go to the Englishmen, as they did very easily, Spitzer and Smith being outclassed, and Palmer making a plucky though unavailing fight for the longer event. The Englishmen quite outclassed the American distance men—as much, in fact, as we did their hammer-throwers.

The broad jump went quite as on the cards, though the Americans were not up to form in this or the high jump, in which they lost second place—by that fact and Adair's surpassing his record.

The hurdlers made a beautiful race, all being together at the second hurdle, when Fox got the lead, and going faultlessly, won by 2 yards, and lowered the British record by ⅕ sec. Parkes and Hallowell were third and fourth, close up.

The teams were very evenly matched, and all the performances high class, as the results indicate. It was a fair field and no favor, and the better team won strictly on merit, with perfect conditions of track and weather. We shall have a complete story of the meet and photographs of all the finishes by mail on the steamer next after the games.

Comment on Larchmont Yacht Club races and water sports next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—WITH DIAGRAMS.—CLOTH, 6 × 3⅝ INCHES—203 PAGES, $1 00

Street-Car Strikes in Greater New York

AT irregular intervals what might be called the strike bacillus takes serious hold on the employés of street-car companies in various parts of the United States, and strikes follow. The fever rages in one city and then in another. It starts suddenly, as a rule, and runs its course, with violence to mark its frequent changes. Inasmuch as it begins with almost no warning, it is difficult to foretell when the next attack will occur. It ends usually with defeat for those in whose blood it has run its course. It has its cause, and it has its cure. Those directly interested often agree as to the cause in some particular case; they seldom agree as to the cure. When those affected resort to violence, directly or indirectly, as a cure, the next stage almost invariably is defeat.

The latest scene of an outbreak of this fever has been New York city. The strike began in Brooklyn Borough, where five years ago a similar strike ended disastrously for the strikers. Four days after it began in Brooklyn it started up in Manhattan Borough. In both places its course was marked quickly by violence. Rioting involving hundreds, and occasionally even thousands, occurred. Scores of persons were arrested. Dozens of heads were broken. Ambulances and surgeons were kept busy, and the police of both boroughs had little rest. Dynamite was used by strike sympathizers in Brooklyn, but the spirit of mob violence raged most fiercely in Manhattan. One of the great avenues of the city—Second Avenue—was the scene of the wildest disorder known in New York city in many years. Fully fifty thousand persons thronged its length on the first night of the strike. The police made dozens of charges on the lawless element in the crowds, and every time some one was hurt. In Brooklyn the mobs tried to injure motormen and conductors who persisted in working. In Manhattan the mobs tried to injure policemen as well as the street-car employés. There was more desire to destroy property in Manhattan than in Brooklyn.

The strike in Brooklyn was against the Rapid Transit Company—a corporation formed under the guidance of the late Roswell P. Flower—which had absorbed all the street-car systems of the city, except one (popularly known as the DeKalb Avenue and Smith Street line), and had purchased the two elevated railroad systems. The employés struck ostensibly for the enforcement of the ten-hour law, an ambiguous statute, and for a larger number of full-trip runs.

The company was in a transition state. It had not really got in good working order. Its officers insisted that they wanted to treat their men fairly, and charged openly that stock-jobbers—naming former owners of one of the absorbed systems, the Nassau lines—were fomenting the trouble so as to "bear" the stock in Wall Street. If that was true, that part of the scheme failed. A large majority of the employés of the new company did not want to strike, and it is no secret that the labor leaders were earnestly opposed to it. It is also well known that the hot-heads among the employés, independent of stock-jobbers, brought on the strike. When the Rapid Transit Company took hold of the Nassau lines a woful state of discipline was found. Certain employés were discharged in batches. These stirred up the strike.

It was a real strike. The Nassau lines were tied up for several days almost completely. The lines of the former Brooklyn Heights system, on which the strike five years ago occurred, were crippled. Night crews were put on day work, and from one-half to three-quarters of the usual number of cars were run. The all-night cars were stopped for two nights on the Rapid Transit system, ostensibly to give the employés and the policemen guarding the cars a rest, and to avoid violence, but really because of a lack of men to operate the lines. The benefits of the consolidation into Greater New York became evident when nearly fifteen hundred policemen were sent from Manhattan to preserve order in Brooklyn, where they had no local sympathy with the strikers. Brooklyn policemen were sent to New York for the same reason when the strike there began. The Tammany officials and the thoroughly discredited police force, under the rule of Croker and Devery, eagerly sought an opportunity to re-establish themselves to some degree in public opinion. In the old days of Tammany debauchery the police went on the theory that if they protected life and property reasonably well they should have the privilege—and they exercised it, too—of extorting blackmail and of fattening their pocket-books on vice, especially by robbing low women and exacting tribute from the liquor interest. The new Tammany programme is even more vile than the old one. Officials high in authority use their places for personal money-making chiefly. The lower officials are allowed to levy blackmail in order to keep them contented and to permit them to make money also. Tammany rule means plunder, simply, from high official to low. I have paid my respects to Devery already in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and have indicated that, figuratively speaking, he is a man whose fingers one who favors decency and the highest kind of official integrity should not care to touch. No one can accuse me of partiality, therefore, when I say that Devery's work as a policeman in the Brooklyn and Manhattan strikes was in every way commendable. He was prompt, energetic, and thorough. He showed what he could do if he should turn his energies in other directions.

The Brooklyn strike began on Sunday morning, July 16. On July 19 the all-night cars began to run again. Some cars had been run on all the lines in the daytime at intervals. On July 19 an attempt was made to cripple the Fifth Avenue Elevated Railroad by blowing two pillars to pieces. The dynamite did little damage, and in five hours the road was in operation again. The engineers on the elevated railroads had a grievance because they feared their pay would be reduced to that of motormen when the roads should be operated by electricity. The management promised not to reduce their pay, and the elevated railroads remained in full operation. Violence in Brooklyn took the shape of placing obstructions on tracks, assaulting motormen and conductors, cutting wires, and stoning cars. By July 20 fully ninety per cent. of the cars were in operation and the strike was broken.

The Manhattan strike was caused by discharged employés mainly. As a strike it was not formidable, less than 200 men out of more than 3000 going out. Ostensibly it was to secure the enforcement of the ten-hour law. Some of the men thought that President Vreeland of the Metropolitan system, on which the strike occurred, had treated them with scant courtesy. The former employés called out the men with a rush on the morning of July 19. On the Second Avenue line several scores obeyed. On the other lines only a few went out. Not until nightfall did the rioting begin in earnest. Spikes were driven into the cable slots, employés were beaten, policemen were assaulted, and cars were wrecked partly. Repeated charges of the police, in which many persons were injured, conquered the mobs, and by 11 P.M. the avenue was deserted. One such lesson was sufficient. The next night the street was almost empty, and several small boys are said to have thrown stones at policemen. Women and children had been among the most persistent rioters the night before. That strike ended practically then and there.

President Rossiter stated that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system employed 10,500 men, of whom 4500 were conductors and motormen; that of these 4500, 1300 left the service, of whom 900 were formerly employed on the Nassau lines.

Both of these strikes were begun nominally for the enforcement of the ten-hour law. The strikers seem to ignore the fact that if the State's statutes are violated there is always a legal way to bring about punishment.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

A Summer Note

IN summer's witching silence once I heard
A bird song ripple through the breezeless dusk
And o'er the fading meadows melt away.

But when it ceased, I heard it tremble still,
For the enchantment of that silence filled
My fancy with its spirit which still held
The artless song its witchery inspired.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Philippine Round Robin

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SINCE the war in the Philippines few events have caused more spirited comment in Washington than the "round robin" of protest from the newspaper correspondents at Manila. The character of the men who signed it, and the assurance each signer must have felt that he was staking his further usefulness at the seat of war on the success of this attack upon the commanding general, lent an uncommon weight to the demonstration. It was evident, before the cabinet met on Tuesday morning, that each of the members in the city had given the subject some thought, and was prepared to offer suggestions. That there was as yet no absolute concert was plain from the fact that, in private conversations before the meeting, different members set forth different views. It happened, however, that the Secretary of War, within whose jurisdiction the matter fell, was absent, so that the President had a convenient reason for passing it over. It was not considered wise to take any official notice of the incident, if it could be avoided, till the first excitement had died down and the full effect of the protest upon popular opinion could be measured.

However lightly they may treat the matter, there is no denying that both President and cabinet deplore its occurrence. They also realize that it could not have occurred if General Otis had exercised a little better sense in enforcing his censorship. If the correspondents had found some confidential medium of communication, and laid their grievances before the President without any public stir, there probably would have gone from Washington to the general a quiet hint to relax the extreme features of his system. Some such intimation may be conveyed to him as it is, but this will not help the case of the remonstrant correspondents, for the President will not give them the satisfaction of knowing what he has done. The writers who will profit by it will be those who succeed the present corps.

Any public step the President might take now would be construed either as a condemnation of Otis or as a desire to stifle the press. As Otis was his personal choice for the command in the Philippines, the former alternative is to be avoided above all things; and, in the present state of political feeling in the country, a quarrel with the newspapers would be most inopportune. So the safe middle course will be taken. "General Otis," runs the conventional argument in such cases, "is eight thousand miles away; he can judge better of the conditions that surround him than we can; it would be wiser to leave all such matters to his discretion than to interfere and probably make a mess of it."

In military circles opinions of the incident differ. It is conceded that if Otis is to be kept in command at Manila, it would be subversive of all discipline to require him to change any part of his policy at the bidding of a group of unofficial army guests. The President has personally a warm regard for Otis; if the clamor for a change does not become too violent, he will stand by him; if a change must be made, it will be made in the manner least humiliating to the general. This situation is what has given force to the belief that an officer of higher rank will be sent to the Philippines with the bulk of the new troops, or soon after, ostensibly for the moral effect upon the insurgents, actually to reduce Otis, without indignity, to the sphere of action for which nature designed him. As a painstaking master of detail, executing the plans of a larger mind, he is in his element; as an author of campaigns, the best men in the army have little faith in his ability. Who will the ranking officer be? Brooke is busy; Merritt has had his taste of the Philippines, and does not seem eager to repeat it. Miles, as major-general commanding the army, seems by common consent to be the man to whom fate points her finger now, as when a decisive blow was to be struck at Santiago.

F. E. LEUPP.

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Freak Features in Small Yachts

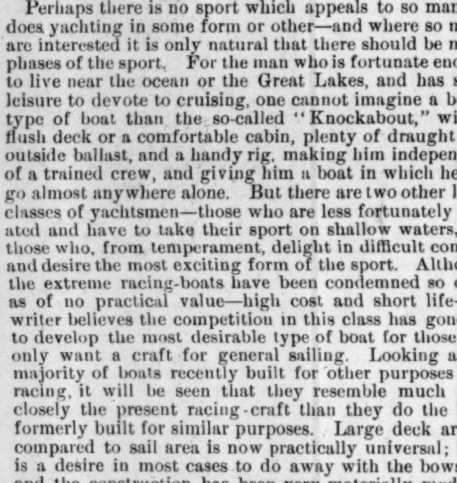
BY GEORGE H. DUGGAN

THE past half-dozen years have probably witnessed more important changes in the forms of sailing-yachts, particularly in the smaller classes, than had previously taken place in the whole history of yachting. So rapid has been the development, and the resulting forms differ so widely from old-established practice, that many who have not been actually in touch with the progress have failed to realize the true meaning of the changes, and the word "freak" has been freely and indiscriminately applied to everything differing from the old order. To a certain extent the writer agrees with the effort to condemn some of the more objectionable features, and believes that a healthier type of boat in the larger classes, say over thirty-five feet, will eventually result, and that rules can be formulated which will generally attain this end, except in a few isolated cases where local conditions interfere. He believes, however, that the general application of the term "freak" has hidden from many the better qualities of the present type.

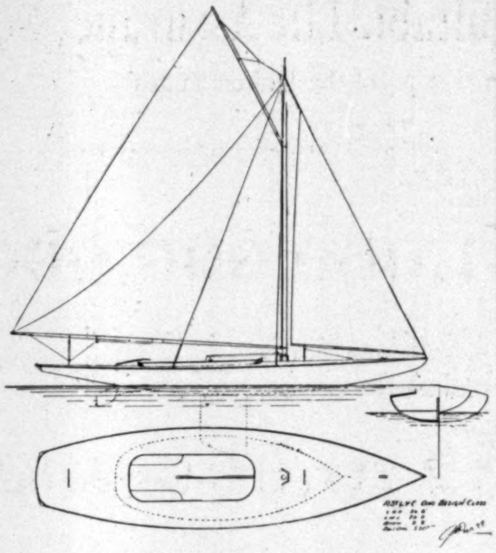
The word "freak" in yachting has not yet been defined, but it appears to be in some sense synonymous with "speed," and to be applied more readily to those features which are most noticeable in the faster boats. Among these are long overhangs and large out-of-water body, small ratio of displacement to sail area, and light construction — the very features which, in moderation, represent the improvement in the yachts of to-day over the older type, now fast becoming extinct. In the smaller classes useful size may almost be measured by deck area, and ease of handling by sail area. A few years ago 500 square feet would have been an unwieldy and dangerous sail spread to put on a hull of 17 ft. 6 in. l.w.l. and 8 ft. beam, but with the form now developed this can be carried without fixed ballast, with the jib to the stem head, and the boom barely over the taffrail, and can be handled by three or four men with ease and safety in almost any weather. Few—even the ultra-conservative—would be willing to go back to the old plumb stems and long bowsprit; nor would those who fully understand the value of light construction care to put hampering and unnecessary weight above water.

Perhaps there is no sport which appeals to so many as does yachting in some form or other—and where so many are interested it is only natural that there should be many phases of the sport. For the man who is fortunate enough to live near the ocean or the Great Lakes, and has some leisure to devote to cruising, one cannot imagine a better type of boat than the so-called "Knockabout," with a flush deck or a comfortable cabin, plenty of draught and outside ballast, and a handy rig, making him independent of a trained crew, and giving him a boat in which he can go almost anywhere alone. But there are two other large classes of yachtsmen—those who are less fortunately situated and have to take their sport on shallow waters, and those who, from temperament, delight in difficult contest, and desire the most exciting form of the sport. Although the extreme racing-boats have been condemned so often as of no practical value—high cost and short life—the writer believes the competition in this class has gone far to develop the most desirable type of boat for those who only want a craft for general sailing. Looking at the majority of boats recently built for other purposes than racing, it will be seen that they resemble much more closely the present racing-craft than they do the boats formerly built for similar purposes. Large deck area as compared to sail area is now practically universal; there is a desire in most cases to do away with the bowsprit, and the construction has been very materially modified, approaching that of the racers. Indeed, all of the features in which the latter differ from the old type are to be found, although perhaps in a modified degree. Where development is so universal, its value may be accepted as proved.

The same state of affairs would have been reached in time by a process of evolution; but what in the ordinary course would have taken years to develop has, under the stress of competition, been accomplished in a short time. The racing-men have naturally carried every feature to, and perhaps beyond, its practical limit, giving the cruising-men an opportunity to select the form best suited to their requirements by a study of the practical performance of the many experiments among the racers. In the effort to obtain lightness the weight of construction was reduced in one year to a degree before believed impracticable, demonstrating at once how far this feature could be carried and its desirable limit to give good service. So also the principle, first recognized in 1896, of the advantage to be gained by designing boats on what has been called the "single bilge" principle has now been carried to its extreme by the use of a hollow floor, and its limitations are well understood. This principle, originally exploited with the idea of overcoming the water-line measurement, was soon found to have more far-reaching results. By giving a flat floor and full deck plan it was found possible to design a boat which while in the vertical position was of poor form—short water-line, comparatively great water-line beam, and large wetted surface—but when inclined to the proper sailing angle showed the best possible form for speed, with long immersed body, small water-line beam, and round bottom. The form also gives great stability by reason of the rapid shifting of buoyancy and consequent long lever arm for the crew or ballast, allowing a large sail area to be carried on a comparatively narrow, unballasted hull. It remains to examine whether the racing rule as it now stands is tending to the best development, accepting as an axiom the principle that the racing rule should be constructed to produce that type of vessel which in the absence of such rules would be intelligently selected for pleasure sailing.



"DOMINION."
From the Drawing of George H. Duggan, Designer.



ONE-DESIGN CLASS.
From the Drawing by George H. Duggan, Designer.

It is often said that speed in racing is only relative, and that if boats were well matched the contest would be quite as interesting in slow as in fast boats. This is true in the larger classes, where, for many reasons, the out-and-out racer cannot be made much faster than her more comfortable sister; but in the smaller classes, which have been represented in the contests for the Seawanhaka Cup, the speed and action of the safe ballasted cruiser and the light centreboard racer are incomparable. Under many conditions the latter has twice the speed of the former; she is keenly sensitive to every fresh impulse of wind, responds more promptly, and generally has a life and motion unknown in the other type. Those who have only sailed on the ballasted yacht can hardly appreciate the exhilaration of motion and the sense of speed produced by tearing through the water in a small boat at a rate of nearly thirteen miles an hour—a speed which has actually been recorded.

Boats closely resembling the twenty-footers above referred to have been independently developed on the small Western lakes, and their popularity is there established.

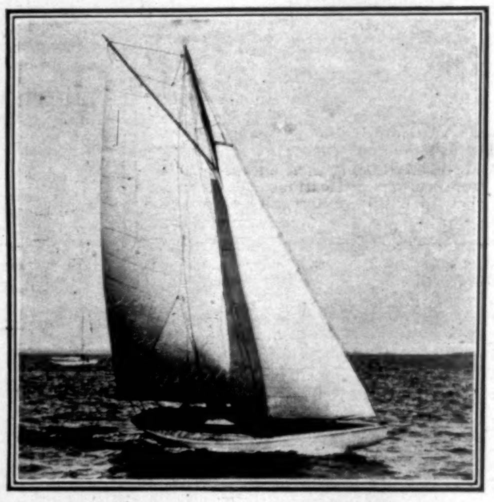
So much for the type as a whole. The writer believes there is a place for it which, having been made, nothing else can entirely fill, and that, wisely restricted, it will be generally adopted for pleasure sailing in shallow or sheltered waters. He believes, however, that it has reached and gone beyond its healthy development. The boats which raced for the Seawanhaka Cup in 1897 may be called the fastest in the class at that time, having been selected after most thorough trial on both sides. Beyond the fact that the construction was faulty in some details, they were in every way desirable small boats. They were fast in all weathers, practically non-capsizable, and, as the third race proved, particularly capable in very heavy weather, going dead to windward, staggering under three reefs, at the rate of four miles per hour.

Compared with these boats, the contestants of last year represented the extreme possibilities of the rule so far attempted. They were only slightly faster—not enough so to be felt except in a race—and this small increase in speed was gained at the appreciable sacrifice of good qualities. The *Challenger* went even further than her predecessor in the matter of light construction, so much so that she was incapable of ordinary service; and the *Dominion* was of a form expensive to construct, and extremely difficult to handle down the wind on account of her tendency to bury the square corner of her bow and "pitch pole." The peculiarity of her construction which excited most comment, viz., the hollow floor, was only a further effort to overcome the water-line measurement and perfect her sailing form when on her side. The practical result was that with a measured water-line of 17 ft. 6 in. she had a sailing length of about 30 ft., a water-line beam of only 2 ft. 9 in., and carried her crew 5 ft. 10 in. from the centre of buoyancy — results which had not then been attained with the flat floor. The feature was in itself perhaps harmless, but to reap the full benefit of it it was necessary to make her deck practically square — 4 ft. 8 in. wide at bow and stern. The square corners are most inconvenient; she is difficult to bring alongside a wharf, will not lie comfortably to a mooring, and has the dangerous tendency above referred to.

Most of the boats built by the members of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for the trial rac have siesnce been in constant use for knocking about Lake St. Louis, frequently being handled by ladies. They have given such general satisfaction that this year it was determined to establish a one-design class of cheap and durable construction, and embodying the most desirable features of the racing-boats. After consideration it was decided the boats should be sailed without ballast, the crew limited to four, and no other restriction imposed upon the designer beyond the natural limitation of shallow water. The decision to omit ballast may perhaps be adversely commented upon by those who have not sailed in these boats. When they are thrown on their beam ends, with mast in the water, there is so much buoyancy in the long full side that, with crew on board, the deck is only immersed from 12 to 15 inches, leaving the cockpit coaming some inches out of water, and they are perfectly safe to drift about, without taking any water inside. Numerous trials have proved that one or two men on the end of the centreboard will right them again. These men are, of course, apt to get a ducking, but the rest of the crew may keep perfectly dry by climbing on the weather-gunwale, which is high above the water. To use ballast would add to the stability, but the extra weight would increase the immersion in the event of a capsize, perhaps sufficiently to allow water to enter the cockpit and cause the boat to sink.

When there are so many past racers to be had for a mere fraction of their cost, the multiplication of one-design class throughout the country is fair evidence that the racing rule is not now producing craft entirely suited to the wants of the average yachtsman. Could his requirements be defined, and a rule framed to foster them, it would be an immense gain, for the one-design system must tend to stagnation, and it is necessary for the development of the sport that within certain limitations designers should continue to have latitude to display their skill and experiment to obtain the form and dimensions most suitable for speed.

If our conception of a desirable form for small boats of the centreboard type be accepted by those similarly situated in shallow waters, it would seem, all things considered, that it would be better to ignore the old measurement of water-line and use other factors for determining the size. In the writer's opinion, the element which really measures the power and sailing length of these boats is the area of the deck, and he would suggest that a rule be made dealing only with the deck plan, possibly using the area of the deck in combination with over-all length, although it would probably be sufficient to use over-all length only, adding certain restrictions similar to those now adopted for the Seawanhaka Cup races, which limit both the form of the deck to prevent square bows, and the weight of the crew. Other features which it may seem desirable to check could be restricted in the same way. The tax on sail could be kept very much as at present, or preferably made more severe. Beyond dealing with form, it seems highly desirable that some limit should be placed upon construction. In doing this, however, it should be recognized that so long as the material is heavy enough to secure strength and durability, the lighter the whole construction the better it is for the vessel, from the point of view of the cruiser as well as the racer. In all vessels the ballast, whether fixed on the keel or of live weight on the weather-gunwale, is much more efficient for purposes of stability than the weight of the hull; from which it follows that the greater the ratio of ballast to weight of construction, the greater will be the range of stability and the resulting safety.



DIPPER OF THE "KNOCKABOUT" CLASS.
Photograph by Stebbins.

A fair specification of the actual details of construction is perhaps the most difficult part of the problem. The proper sizes of much of the material depend as much on the form adopted as on the dimensions of the vessel, and a great deal necessarily depends on the skill of the workman and the quality of material. Certain scantlings can, however, at once be specified for any over-all dimensions; *i.e.*, the thickness of plank and deck, from which follows the maximum spacing of frames and deck beams, and it would seem that the sizes of deck beams might be dependent upon their length, and that the sizes of frames at bilge and head might be defined, leaving the size at heels to vary with the width of floor. The floor and keel construction are more troublesome to deal with, but the latter could perhaps be made to vary with beam and dead rise.

The writer has had in mind principally the smaller classes in which unballasted centreboard boats can be used with comfort and safety. He believes that the conditions are so different in vessels of small size, and those large enough to make the ratio of weight of crew to displacement unimportant, that it is impracticable to devise any one rule that will produce the best results for all, but he would suggest the possibility of improving even the medium classes, where scow bows are now being introduced, by omitting the time-honored measurement of length of water-line, and substituting therefor the over-all length with restrictions; indeed, it seems that even more radical changes in the rule might have beneficial results.

In the Philippines

FROM THE RIO GRANDE TO SAN FERNANDO

May 18, 1899.

THE little resistance offered by the insurgents at the crossing of the Rio Grande indicated that they were in a demoralized condition. It was not a surprise, therefore, when on the 28th of April Colonel Arguelles of General Luna's staff came into the American lines under a flag of truce. He stated that he came to obtain an armistice. He was immediately taken to General MacArthur, to whom he delivered General Luna's compliments, with congratulations on the gallant way in which the American troops had crossed the Rio Grande. The fact of the matter was that the insurgents considered their position impregnable, and when they found that they were as little able to stand at this strong point as they had at any other against General MacArthur's advance, they were greatly discouraged.

General MacArthur sent Colonel Arguelles into Manila to General Otis. The interview between the American military governor and the Filipino envoy was short. Colonel Arguelles stated that the demand for an armistice came from Luna. The insurgents wanted time to assemble their congress in San Fernando, in order that this body, representing the people, might decide whether to continue the war or not. General Otis very courteously replied that he would be glad to receive envoys from any native leaders concerning a termination of the war, but that the terms he demanded were unconditional surrender. To the proposal for an armistice for the purpose of calling together a Filipino congress he would not listen. The Filipinos might assemble their congress wherever they pleased, but that was no reason why the fighting should not continue. The colonel answered that unconditional surrender was not consistent with honor, and withdrew to confer with the American commissioners. There he found, perhaps, a willingness to discuss the matter at greater length, but in the end no greater encouragement than he had gotten from General Otis. The commission frankly acknowledged that its jurisdiction did not extend to the question of peace or war; all that was in the hands of the military governor. Colonel Arguelles spent the night with his family, who lived inside the American lines, no doubt considering that they were safer under American protection than under the Filipino flag.

The Filipino envoys had the entire freedom of the city during their stay in Manila, and from certain indications it is thought that they took this opportunity to order a fresh supply of arms and ammunition from Japan. Arguelles returned to the insurgent lines on April 29. In the mean time preparations were making on General MacArthur's and General Lawton's front for a further advance. On May 2 Arguelles again crossed the lines. The plea for an armistice was again put forward, this time on behalf of Aguinaldo himself. Aguinaldo said that he was willing to surrender, but that he had received his army from the Filipino people, and that he could not surrender without instructions from the people to do so. These instructions the Filipino congress alone, as representatives of the people, could give. General Otis considered, and I believe rightly, that all of these negotiations had the one purpose of gaining time. He refused the armistice, and again stated that his terms were unconditional surrender. Colonel Arguelles then talked with the American commission, and on that afternoon returned to General Otis. This time the Filipino demands were even more unreasonable than they had been before. Previously they had demanded an armistice of a week or more; they now asked for an armistice of three months in which to draw up a plan for the future government of the islands, on which, as a basis, terms of peace might be decided. General Otis naturally refused to consider any such proposal, and the Filipinos returned to the insurgent lines. General Otis thought that although the insurgent commission were evidently without power, and were undoubtedly sent in to gain time, still, the very fact that they were sent proved that the insurgents were weakening. Some time before the envoys came into Manila there had been a movement towards peace among the richer and more intelligent portion of the community in the city itself. At a meeting these citizens appointed a committee and drew up resolutions. The purpose of this committee was to negotiate with the insurgents and Americans, more especially with the peace commission, to bring about a better feeling between the various parties. Mr. Schurman thought that this movement was due to the efforts of the peace commission to come into touch with the natives. No doubt the American commission had some influence with the natives, but I have reason to believe that the peace movement in town was directly inspired by the insurgent government outside of our lines. There is no doubt that a gradual change was taking place among a portion of the Filipinos. The dream of a Filipino people had vanished with the irresistible attacks of our soldiers, and many of them began to realize that they were too weak to continue the struggle with any hope of final success.

GENERAL WHEATON IN ACTION.

May 21.

General Wheaton, during the march from Apalit to the Santo Tomas River, was in the front of the advance, personally directing the men. His powerful voice could be heard for a long distance. Perhaps he loves more than any commander out here to get into a fight, and by his personal leadership gets lots of dash into his men. As we approached the bridge over the Santo Tomas River and the insurgents began leaving their trenches in little groups, our own officers were slow in directing their men where to fire.

"Can't you see them over there, running? Shoot! Don't stand there looking. Shoot!" shouted the general, pointing with his long arm.

In contrast to General Wheaton's dashing leadership was the quiet reserve of the division commander, General MacArthur. A little in the rear, where he could survey the whole field of battle, he issued his orders in a low, quiet voice. General MacArthur looks upon war from the theoretic point of view. As a keen chess-player, he is not too eager for an immediate trial of strength. His attack must be according to the rules and precedent of the game. There must be no breaks in the line. Slow, steady, and correct in detail are his methods. General Wheaton looks upon war more as an actual personal conflict. His object is to get his men as rapidly into action as possible, and to keep them there until they have dislodged the enemy. He does not mind a break in his line, provided he thinks that he can in that way get at the enemy quicker and hit them harder.

At the bridge, when it was found that a span was broken, General Wheaton was among the first to climb up a pier on the bridge and make his way to the north bank of the river. There under his direction a ladder was found. By means of this ladder, one end of which was placed on the end of the span in the water, the other resting against a pier on the north end of the bridge, the soldiers gradually got over.

A PAUCITY OF ENGINEERS.

One digression on the subject of our engineer corps. For a long time during the war we had one company of engineers. This company was excellent, and did good work in their own line wherever they were. The whole trouble lay in the fact that one hundred men can only do a limited amount of work. In every other army in the world there are a certain number of men with picks, shovels, axes, etc., who go with every regiment. When the line comes to an obstruction of any kind these men jump in and clear it. They break down fences, they repair bridges, they do everything to facilitate the advance. Englishmen coming in from the insurgent side report that the insurgents have four thousand men and women who build trenches and destroy the railroad. We had at one time only one hundred men to repair the damage done by four thousand of the enemy. The soldiers of the line, besides fighting, had to turn in and work with pick and shovel. The result was inevitable—the advance of the army was impeded for days in repairing bridges, laying down track, etc. This delay not only enabled the insurgents to get out of the way and carry off their ammunition, supplies, etc., it also gave them time to recuperate. It has taken us exactly three months to take thirty miles of railroad. I maintain that from the first the advance along the railroad was an engineering and not a fighting problem. It was known that the American army could drive the insurgents as rapidly as it pleased. The only problem was how to follow the insurgents rapidly enough to disorganize their army, seize their stores, and in this way break up the unity of the insurrection. I think the future will prove that as yet this object has not been accomplished. Without cavalry there was little hope of catching the insurgents in the mountains and in the rough country. The railroad, however, afforded peculiar facilities to catch up with them. The railroad up to the Bagbag River was not seriously damaged, and yet the advance of the train was days and days behind the advance of the army. It is not unfair to compare the methods of our army with those of other countries. We have found it difficult to operate twenty and thirty miles from our base; General Kitchener operated at a distance of three thousand miles from his base, with a force not greatly superior to the American forces in the Philippines. Of course Manila must be protected, and various ports of the different islands must be occupied. More troops are needed. The government is withdrawing the volunteers, and not replacing them with a sufficient number of regulars. The signal service alone is being cut to pieces by the departure of men who enlisted only for the Spanish war. The signal service, which did such excellent work in this campaign, is bound from this time on to be inefficient. Washington will not fill vacancies. "Get along as best you can with the men you have" is the answer all around to requests for more men. When will the United States wake up to the situation? The war is not over. At the present rate it will last for years. More troops, more vigorous action, more modern methods—these are what are wanted.

JOHN F. BASS.

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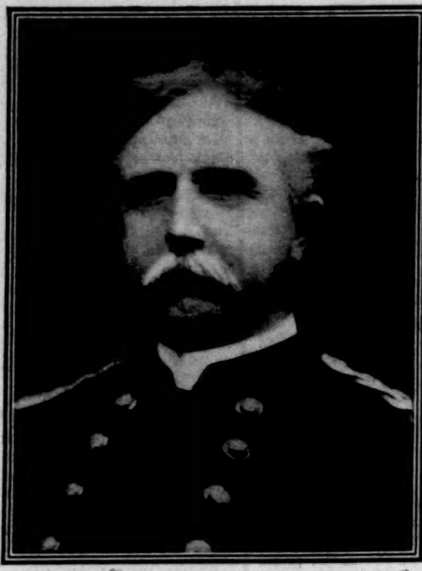
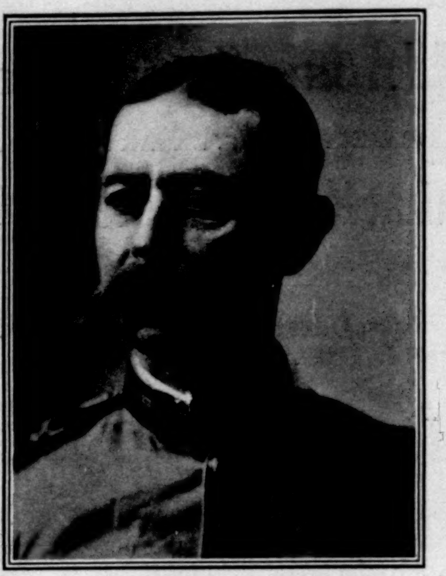


BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED E. BATES, U. S. A.,
New Paymaster-General.
[See Page 757.]



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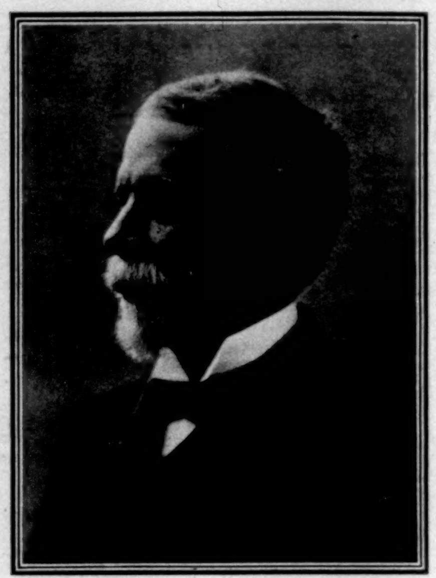

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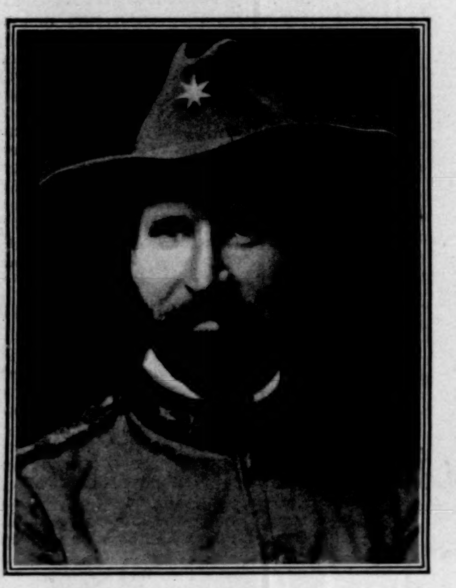

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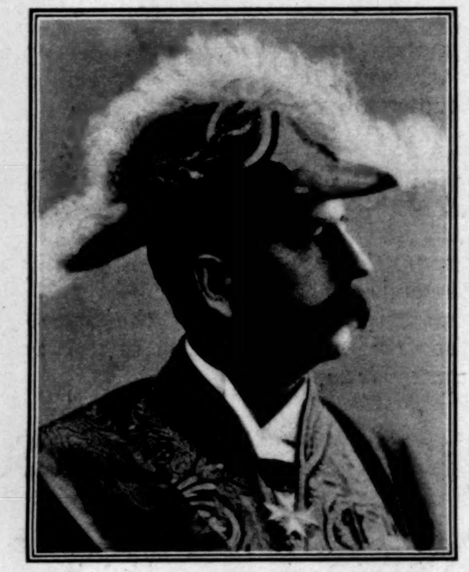

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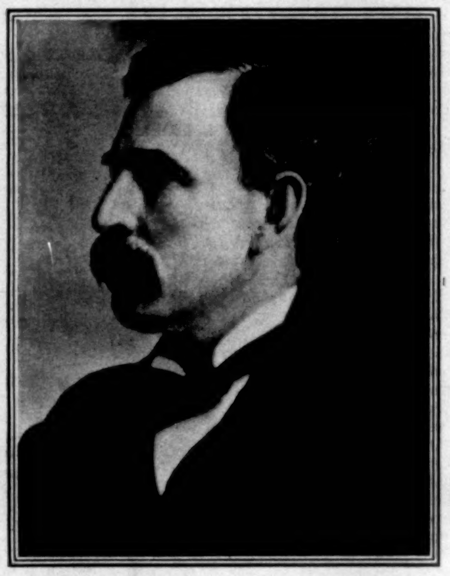


W. J. TAYLOR,
Republican Candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

Gen. Lawton in the Field

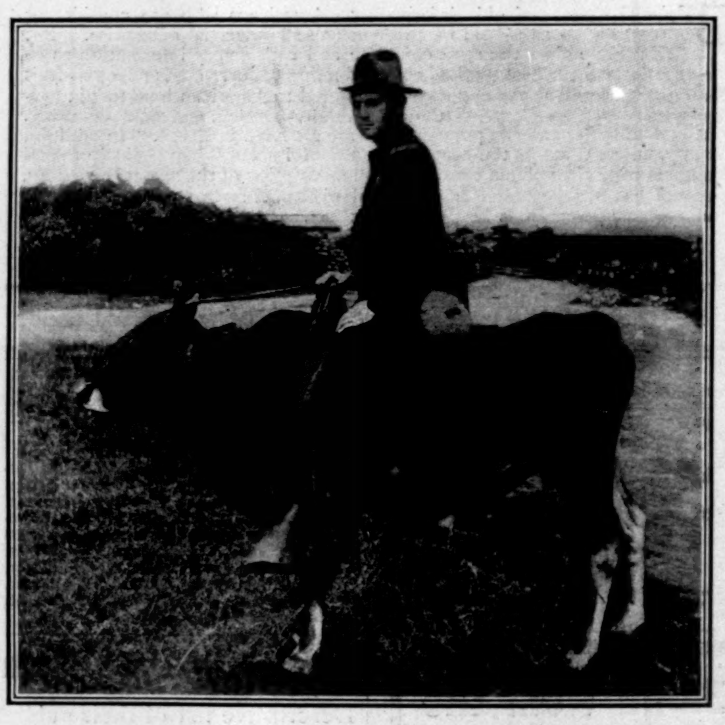
GENERAL LAWTON has a reputation for never forgetting the stomachs of his fighting-men—the men who carry the guns and tramp so many weary miles on their tired feet under the hot sun of the Philippines. He has been known over and over again to stop a march and order his men into camp to cook their meals, when his staff realized that his every nerve quivered to keep on the move, so that he might execute some daring dash against the fleeing insurgents.

While he always remembers his men, he takes little care of himself, and his attendant staff often fear that the tall, wiry, gray-haired giant will break down for want of food and sleep. It is very difficult to get him to eat a meal so long as an advance is in progress, and if any of his aides suggest that he must eat, he either says sharply that he is not hungry, or tells them that eating is a personal matter, purely; that some men have to eat all the time to keep going, and that he will let them know when he is hungry.

The general had an Irish orderly for a while, who took care of him like a child, and the staff used to take places of easy vantage so that they might hear the conversations between the two. The general failed to turn up at the table, and the orderly promptly marched down to his tent with a steaming tin of cocoa—for Lawton seldom drinks coffee—and a plate heaped with baked beans, crisp bacon, and some baking-powder biscuit; he saluted before the general's tent, and said, "Here's the gineral's dinner." The reply was: "I don't care for anything to eat. Who ordered you to bring my dinner?" The orderly, rigid as a post, with dishes in each hand, answered: "Shure an' the gineral must ate. I brought the gineral's dinner meself." "Take it back, sir; I don't want it," and once more he became absorbed in a map spread out upon his knees. The Irish orderly looked furtively from side to side, as if expecting to see grinning faces peering from around the neighboring tent flies, and then, gently tiptoeing toward the general's tent, he set down the various dishes by his side and stepped back again to attention. After some minutes the general looked up, stared at the orderly, and remarked, "Well, orderly?" The orderly, in a solicitous tone, replied, "Shure the gineral's dinner will get cold." Without response the general reached for the plate, ate heartily, and put the empty dishes on the ground, immediately becoming absorbed again in a plan of battle for the morrow. As the orderly carried the dishes swinging in his hands back to the cook-tent, a beatific smile illumined his countenance, and he whispered to the cook: "Don't you know the gineral has to be tr'ated like a coddlin' infant? He nades his mither's milk, but, begorra, he must have his squall first."

General Lawton is very careful to secure sleep enough, however. What he may lose one day he makes up the next; for it is no uncommon thing for him to go forty-eight hours without sleep, if the movement necessitates it. As a rule, immediately at the conclusion of an engagement he lies down, and is lost in peaceful slumber in a few moments. This ability to nap at all times and under the changing conditions of an active campaign does much, no doubt, to sustain his marvellous vitality. It apparently makes no difference how many times he is aroused to attend to official matters; he either drops off again instantly if the subject is trivial, or gets up to hours of labor with bright eyes and determined energy if the matter is of importance. One morning, after he had slept in a nipa hut and been wakened repeatedly by the desperate squealing of pigs from beneath the airy floor, he remarked, with a smiling face, to one of his officers: "That noise was rather hard to stand last night, wasn't it? But I knew the North Dakotas were short on meat, poor fellows! Did you hear that fellow say: 'Choke him off, Jim. Cut his wind quick before they hear him'?"

General Lawton has a son eleven years old, whose fighting proclivities are a great source of pride to his father. While talking with some of his military associates, who have fought with him daily in the extreme advance of the division, some one spoke of an army officer's son receiving a commission. The general immediately remarked, "I wish my boy was old enough to be in the army." Another officer, with malaria in his blood, who had hung on to the dreadful tropical campaign month after month, replied, "Well, general, you ought to thank God that he is not." Lawton drew himself up slightly, and answered: "Why, sir, he would make a first-class soldier right now! Did you see him under fire the other day?" It turned out that the youngster had accompanied his father into the thick of a hot little skirmish to the north of Manila, at Santa Cruz, where



CAVALRY IN THE PHILIPPINES—TROTTING-BULL USED BY OUR TROOPS IN ILO ILO.

the bullets whizzed close about him everywhere, one actually striking the ground between his feet, without causing the little son of the iron-nerved general to show the white feather. Speaking of General Lawton's nerve, it will be remembered that it was Lawton and Chaffee who were always in advance at Santiago, out in the enemy's country reconnoitring, and those same two generals, when under Spanish fire, were continually urging their men forward, cautioning them to be careful, it is true, but for all that always standing out in the thick of the battle themselves.

General Lawton has a standing joke on Major Starr, who was with Shafter in Cuba, and is now on Lawton's staff in the Philippines. Whenever the major suggests to the general that he is exposing himself, the general leisurely turns toward him and asks him, "How about advancing a little farther?" It seems that Major Starr was toward the front with the general, under a very galling fire from the insurgents at San Raphael, and weakly intimated that it would be better to take a less exposed position. The general asked where they had better go, and the major replied, "We had better advance, sir!" The explanation is that there was a high bank a short distance ahead, which could be used as an effective screen from the flying bullets; but Lawton fails to see it that way, and insists that Starr has discovered the secret of remaining unharmed by the Filipino fire, which is to advance on their lines and let them fire over one's head; he promises that after this he will go right into the insurgent trenches, where he cannot be hurt, and wait until his division comes up, when he can put them into the fight.

Certain it is that he keeps his staff guessing just how far he will go; it is his habit to put his entire division in motion, and then tell his officers, "There's plenty of time; we'll wait for the rear-guard to pass." But just let a little skirmish fire start up, and he begins to tap his foot and say: "There goes the first gun. I think we had better move up a bit," and off he goes, urging his horse on until he has him on the run for the front, and never stopping until he is just behind the skirmish-line—"Just far enough in the rear to receive all the enemy's fire," as one officer put it. One of General Lawton's aides said to me, "Say, I'm getting tired of this thing of always being a cavalry screen for the general's advance-guard. He is forever getting a mile or more ahead of his guard, right out in the enemy's territory, on the plea that he must see the country. At San Marcos, the other day, we ran right into the enemy's lines, and the bullets flew around us like a hive of bees. The general seemed to be utterly oblivious of the fact that he was being shot at until after he had scanned the whole line of hills with his glasses, and then he turned slowly around on his big horse, and suggested that the troops had better be moved up a bit faster. He's going to get hit yet, for that white helmet he wears is a shining mark a mile away."

All in all, General Lawton is an ideal fighter. He shares all the hardships with his men, and always directs the movement near the front of his lines. He has added fresh laurels to his fame as a hard campaigner by his expedition out from Manila to the westward, in an attempt to flank and surround Aguinaldo's army. The expedition was only partially successful, owing largely to the frightful condition of the roads, though it is whispered that obstacles have been thrown in his way, in the form of contradictory orders, by the general commanding the army in the Philippines. Whether personal feeling has been allowed to interfere with Lawton's progress it is difficult to determine, but it can be shown that orders have been given and poor transportation furnished which have seriously handicapped Lawton's division, and it is likely that few men would in his place have overcome so many serious drawbacks.

William Dinwiddie.

Russia's Calendar

NEWS comes from St. Petersburg that the Russian government, after years of hesitation and discussion, has determined to adopt the Gregorian calendar, in use throughout Christendom except in Russia and Greece, in place of the Julian calendar, to which it has hitherto adhered.

It will be remembered that when Julius Cæsar, in B.C. 46, invented leap-year, and put into operation the calendar which bears his name, he neglected to provide for an annual discrepancy of eleven minutes and ten seconds between the year as he measured it and the year as determined by the sun. Each Julian year exceeded the solar year by that space, and in 1582 Pope Gregory found that the Christian year was ten days ahead of actual time, to the great inconvenience of the Church in assigning proper dates to Easter and all the movable feasts. So Gregory, in October, 1582, dropped ten days out of the calendar, and proclaimed that every hundredth year (1800, 1900, etc.) should not be counted a leap-year, except every fourth hundredth, beginning A.D. 2000. That made a calendar so nearly correct that it would keep time within a difference of a day for 5000 years. Catholic Europe adopted Gregory's plan at once. Protestant Europe regarded it as papistical, and held off for varying periods. England kept the Julian calendar, at great inconvenience, until 1751, and then dropped eleven days.

The change is very troublesome to make. There is popular prejudice to overcome, and serious practical inconveniences in business, as provision must be made for notes and all sorts of contracts, the terms of which are affected by the elimination of the days omitted. Of course, however, the change which common-sense commends is worth whatever trouble it costs.

Paymaster-General

ALFRED E. BATES, who was appointed by President McKinley on July 12 to succeed General Asa B. Carey in the office of Paymaster-General of the Army, is a native of Michigan and a West Point graduate. Between 1865, the date of his graduation, and 1869 he had his part in Western frontier service; in the year last mentioned he became an instructor at the Military Academy, and remained in this position for four years; then, rejoining his regiment, the Second Cavalry, he earned the commendation of the department commander by his conduct in several engagements with hostile Indians. In March, 1875, he was transferred to the Pay Department, with the rank of Major; twenty-two years later he attained the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was military attaché to the American embassy in London, with the rank of Colonel and Assistant Paymaster-General, when the war broke out last year. Quite recently, and during General Carey's leave of absence, he was intrusted with the duties of acting Paymaster-General.

Morte Triumpho

IN death I triumph, I
Who have fought death in life;
It is not hard to die
After long years of strife,
After long nights of sorrow, of broken song and sigh.

Through bitter days I kept
My sacred faith and fire;
Even though I faltered, wept,
Still I could dream, aspire,
Still under placid stars I laid my head and slept.

But I am glad to rest,
Glad to forget, forgive:
'Tis sweeter so and best,
I should not pray to live,
Even though one prayer might conquer fate in its savage quest.

What gentle soul could bear
More than my soul has borne?
All passions of despair,
Love's shame and sin and scorn,
The curse of cruel time unsleeping in its lair.

'Tis ended:—Cold and dumb
My flesh will lie in earth;
Let no black mourner come
To weep my little worth,
Whilst the keen winds of winter blow their exordium.

'Tis ended—what I wrought,
And what I strove to win,
The tender dreams I sought,
The sinless war with sin,
The birdlike flight of fancy; the strong, unyielding thought.

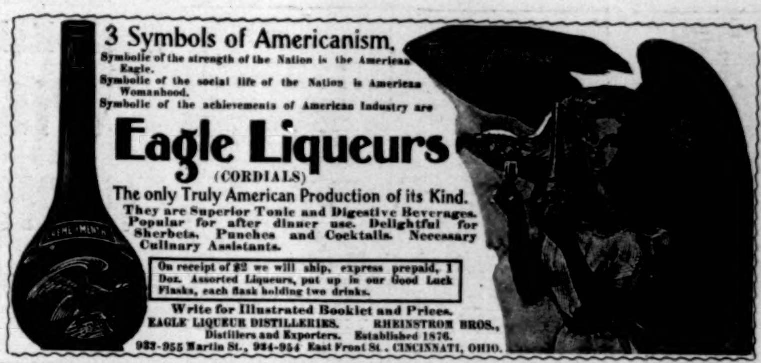
Come, Death, I have no fear,
To thy firm hands I cling,
Life may destroy or sear,
But thou canst only bring
Peace to the weary heart which holds oblivion dear.

Oblivion?—Who can tell?—
Perchance there may be yet
Some deeper gulf of hell
For souls that would forget,
For souls that strove in darkness and in the darkness fell.

I know not. God is just,
Or so His prophets say;
But I am of the dust,
And I shall take my way
Unknowing as any bird that sings because it must.

I ask no question. Death
Is but a joy to me;
What tongue of mortal saith
May be not or may be,
God shall unveil Himself, if souls have eyes to see.

George Edgar Montgomery.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